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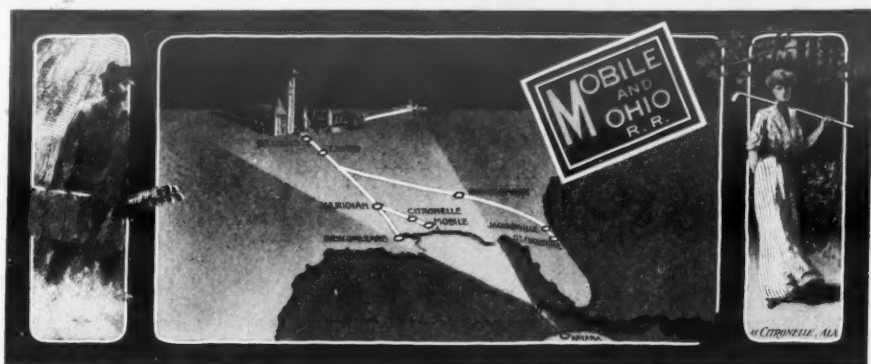
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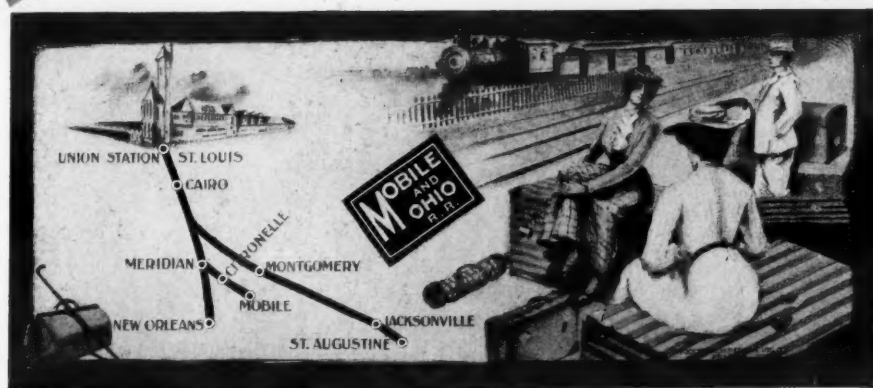
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The Mirror

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SIR HENRY'S SHYLOCK

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

SIR HENRY IRVING is no more to be spoken of disrespectfully than is the equator. He is an institution hallowed by time and by some mighty and happy memories. One doesn't giggle in the presence of the Parthenon or Westminster Abbey. But one may, if one so wills, giggle before Sir Henry's *Shylock*.

At the Olympic last Monday night I saw the actor

in the part. Not yet am I able to express its effect upon me. The presentation was impressive, as anything done by Irving must be. It was carefully, elaborately worked out with that supreme craftsmanship that marks all things this English actor does. But in the first place the play, as he presents it, is a rape of Shakespeare. The things which he has done to the text, to the scenic arrangement of the play, are a plenty. If you know the play pretty well and then see and hear Irving in it, it's like reading the work again, upside down. Sir Henry has modernized and modified the play into something unrecognizable in smaller details. He couldn't well have omitted *Shylock*, or *Portia*, or *Antonio*, or *Bassanio*, but he has twisted things in a way to suggest that he might possibly have tried to give us some of those important roles by the absent treatment method.

Irving's *Shylock* is not "the Jew that Shakespeare drew." The character, as he conceives it, lacks the unctuousness of the Jew craving, contemplating, contriving revenge for slights upon his race. The role is hard and at times brilliant with a white brilliance. You miss the Oriental color of the man. You miss the heat of the part. The hatred exhibited is too cold for one of a torrid people in a torrid time. The Judaic hysteria is toned too far down. The man makes no stir when he finds his daughter gone. If any emotion be vocal it is, as we understand it, Jewish emotion. The Irving *Shylock* is supreme in cunning, but the other passion is unreal throughout. In the matter of make-up the character is too horrible. Indeed, Sir Henry goes too far herein. When he came out my first thought was of Wilton Lackaye's *Svengali* in "Trilby," and surely that is no thought to come bobbing up to interfere with one's relish of the "Merchant of Venice." The melodramatic is too strongly enforced upon one at the outset. Irving to me was best in the quieter scenes. He was most effective, I thought, in the mood that came up at mention of the ring he had from *Leah*, his wife.

Those horrible grunts and gurgles which Irving emits, the note of his manner that lends itself best to caricature, obtruded in *Shylock* at the most inopportune moments with an effect of the comic. The audience had to laugh in spite of itself at such times. The manner, while it destroyed the dignity of the character, served to remind one that in the earlier days *Shylock* was regarded as a funny part. The comic note came uppermost with startling frequency. It came even in the trial scene, and not from *Gratiano* only, whence it would come, naturally, but from the old Jew himself, who should have been a figure there infinitely removed from the thought of jest. For *Shylock's* hate gives him dignity. He is anything but a mere miser done out of his ducats by a trick of the law. He stands for his race in resentment of all the persecutions it has borne.

This *Shylock* of Irving's is a work of art, but to my thinking is misdirected art. It is interesting, but it is not compelling. It wins neither one's contempt nor one's sympathy. The man Irving eclipses the Jew at every point and pause. Strange to say, the part appeared at once too deliberate and too melodramatic. There seemed to be so little more than the make-up to the characterization. The face, the eyes, the lips, were so much more than the words or their manner of utterance. No *Shylock* this to shake one's soul or

clutch one's heart. Irving it is, perhaps, in a most unique mood and method, but no more—no Jew, no Shakespeare.

The supporting company is fair and even. *Portia's* "quality of mercy" speech was given with a lightsome touch—one to be resented. Mr. Lawrence Irving gave a most etiolated and melancholic *Antonio*, and Mr. Gerald Lawrence was surely a handsome *Bassanio*. Miss Hackney's *Portia* was, well, so different that it was unhackneyed, but not unique enough to evoke much applause. An evening with Irving's "Merchant of Venice" is one to be remembered with rather tantalizing self-exploration to determine whether one were more surprised or amused. Certainly one was not thrilled. But, then, one was not bored, and that's something, don't you know.



IS ED BUTLER FOR FOLK?

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

THE Folk boom for Governor is getting its second wind. The State machine, thought to be so wise, has fallen down on its primary scheme. The news from the counties on the primary question is that the Folk men are looming up big. As Reed seems to be the machine's choice, the tide is against Reed. Wherever Hawes has appeared he has shown strength, but the State machine has lain back, doing nothing, while Hawes has been fighting. It is ready to step in and take the result of Hawes' work. But this is a mistake. Reed cannot beat Folk. Hawes can. It was Hawes who stopped the stampede to Folk. Now the machine is afraid of Hawes—as afraid as it is of Folk. It has tried to let him down. Result: An immediate boom for Folk in quarters where the "reform" interest flagged before. The new boom for Folk is coincident with the upspringing of the idea that Edward Butler, the acquitted boss of St. Louis, is going to pull the props from under Hawes. Butler is part of the State machine. He no less than other leaders saw that Hawes was getting too strong. Butler is for Gantt. He has said so. Butler doesn't want Hawes. Out in the country this helps Folk, for it emphasizes his cry of anti-Butler and anti-boodle. It is clear that Butler activity in St. Louis against Hawes is the very thing that best pleases Folk's friends in the country. It gives them hope even of dividing this city's delegation. Therefore we have the odd spectacle of Butler helping Folk. The State machine is with Butler. There is an undercurrent of fresh talk for Gantt. But Gantt will not be nominated. The only man who can beat Folk is Hawes. With Hawes out of the race, "dumped" by Butler and his crowd for Gantt, Folk will sweep the whole machine off the earth. The machine has been outgeneraled in a score of counties by the Folk men, since the committee meeting. There has been a slump in anti-Folk sentiment since Hawes has been kept in town because of Butler's scheme to steal the city delegation, or as much of it as possible, for Gantt. Too much Butler in St. Louis, the organization's lay-low tactics while Hawes was fighting, the *dumkopf* tactics of the committee—all these are helping Folk to supremacy. The lay-down of the organization in the country and Butler's knife in the city are aimed at Hawes—but they are nominating Folk. This is the inside "dope."

A Glimpse at a Week's History

By William Marion Reedy

Aspects of the War.

RUSSIA is at her own game in a waiting war. She will mobilize and mass her land forces to offset the effects of the victories of the Japanese. Russia, too, will improve the waiting period by utilizing the press to put her in a better light before the world, although the press agent will have to do better work than is shown in the baby act of pleading that Japan took an unfair advantage of her in opening the fight while the Mikado's minister was still at St. Petersburg. "All's fair in war." The wail will probably have a tendency to prevent the war from becoming as general as has been feared. With time for thought, the Powers will not grow more impatient for strife, and with Russia more tractable there is little likelihood that China will be imposed upon in a way to warrant an intervention by a concert. The great Powers will be present near the scene of war, and the mere confrontation of navies will be imposing enough to depress the war spirit in contemplation of the results. Russian feeling over the manifestations of hostile opinion in the United States is diminishing, for the reason that opinion in this country is receding from the enthusiastic pitch which characterized it in the first news of the brilliant victories of the Japanese fleet. The thinking American is not so sure as he was that the triumph of Japan would be an unmitigated good. So, too, the thinking Britisher. It is not so clear as it was that it would be a good thing for Japan to dominate China, drill and arm the Chinamen in millions and turn the yellow peril against the Western world. The Japanese then would threaten the Occident, as the Moors once threatened Spain, and there would be another imminent conflict between Christianity and Paganism. Sober thought upon the Russo-Japanese conflict inclines to a conclusion that for all interests it were well if the war should result in a check upon both powers. Without doubt, Russian prestige is damaged. But the Western peoples don't desire that the Japanese shall become too vain of their prowess and enter upon a course of conduct calculated to distort the equilibrium of the East, and eventually of Europe. The world, that knows the illogicality and the cruelty of war, hails delay also as holding a hope of some settlement of the matters in dispute between the Japanese and the Russians. There may be an opportunity for peace through the friendly offices of neutral nations. There would be a strong opinion among the wise and good of all nations to support an intervention on behalf of peace, a feeling all the stronger because of the prospect of an embroilment of the whole world, if the war be allowed to proceed to a point whereat neither nation can in honor or in interest afford to withdraw from its position. The war, as it is, has disturbed conditions the world over in a way eminently distressing to those who have the good of mankind at heart, and the friends of peace cannot help feeling that anything in the way of delay that will cool off Japan's ardor is a boon to humanity. Russia has been humiliated terribly at the beginning; but the high hopes arising from this in the Japanese breast may be as bitterly disappointed as those which inspired the Boers when they laughed, with the rest of the world, at Buller just as the Japanese and the world at large laugh to-day at Alexieff. Japan has "made good" sufficiently to be willing to listen to reason from the outside, more especially as Japan herself has not a monopoly of right in the argument. Japan is an

aggressor on the rights of others not less than Russia. There is plenty of ground for arbitration of some sort. Would that there were more hope of such an eventuation of the affair.



Bryan and Cleveland.

MR. GROVER CLEVELAND has a boom for the Presidency—in the newspapers. It cannot be said that the men in the ranks of the Democracy favor him. The popular Democratic feeling is that he cared too little for his party, in a crisis, to attempt conciliations that might have kept it from the utter disruption that came upon it. The men who are for Cleveland are not the men who will be listened to in a Democratic convention. They may be wise; they may be good; but they are men who were openly or secretly hostile to the candidates and platforms of 1896 and 1900. There may be little hope of any man defeating Mr. Roosevelt this year, but anyone mingling with the people at all, knows that there is no chance of defeating him with Mr. Cleveland. The present organization of the Democracy, either holding over or inheriting from the friends of Bryan, is hostile. It will not surrender to the crowd it "rolled" at Chicago in 1896. Mr. Bryan's retort upon Mr. Cleveland's latest manifesto is good. It is that Mr. Cleveland is valorous now in support of issues upon which, when they were critical, he was silent. Mr. Cleveland's anti-imperialism in 1904 when imperialism is accomplished, is unconvincing. It would have been valuable in 1900. Mr. Cleveland is platitudinous. Mr. Cleveland prosed about generalities that mean nothing to the men who made the last two fights. He "says an undisputed thing in such a solemn way" that his manner recalls the old epithet, applied to him, by the New-York Sun, of "The Stuffed Prophet." Mr. Cleveland's support comes from the same quarter whence come too recently aborted Republican opposition to Mr. Roosevelt—from the moneyed interests. Now the moneyed interests are not wholly bad, but the fact is, that the candidate explicitly of those interests is handicapped in politics to such an extent as to render it extremely unlikely that he could win before the people. Mr. Cleveland's conservatism is but an euphemism for the old Latin adage that "wealth is timid." Mr. Cleveland's nomination would be his party's recantation, and recantation to the extent that would be necessary to give him an appearance of being the logical candidate, is impossible. The party may swerve from Mr. Bryan. It cannot go to the extreme of taking up Mr. Cleveland after denouncing his statesmanship and impugning his personal integrity. The party of 1896 and 1900 supporting Cleveland would be as absurd as was the party of 1864 and 1868 supporting poor old Horace Greeley. If, as seems generally to be admitted, Mr. Bryan is not the man to nominate this year, surely Mr. Cleveland is not the man either. Mr. Cleveland's nomination would mean a Bryanite bolt that would be bigger than the element of the party that would "stick," and Mr. Cleveland's friends have set the precedent of bolting. Mr. Cleveland is a big and an interesting personality, but as a leader of the Democracy, he simply won't do. And the people who are booming him know this. They are putting him up as a shield behind which to formulate other plans and develop other candidates, and that this is true is best disclosed in the fact that Tammany, which hates Cleveland, is the strongest factor in his present recrudescence.

The Case of Mr. Shafroth.

THE man from Denver, Mr. Shafroth, who resigned his seat in Congress rather than hold it under contest which showed fraud to have been perpetrated in his behalf, is having a taste of a rather high quality of fame. He is pointed out as an idealist, and the idealists make much of him. It is not charged nor admitted that there was enough fraud in support of his candidacy to have swung the election in his behalf, and therefore, his action savors of the Quixotic. Without cynicism, one may say that there is hardly an election that takes place in this country in which there is not some fraud done. There is fraud in elections even where and when it is not, from the practical standpoint, "necessary." The boys "turn a trick" here and there just for sheer love of showing their own skill. If Mr. Shafroth maintains that any extensive frauds were committed in his behalf without his knowing it, Mr. Shafroth must be innocent indeed. All these rather low-plane considerations aside, however, Mr. Shafroth's action is a fine one. It is a stand for good morals that cannot fail of good effect even in a cynical time and among a cynical people. Without doubt we have come to look upon election frauds too lightly. They have been a matter for jest. We have said of them simply "politicians will be politicians," just as we excuse youthful misdeeds with the reflections that "boys will be boys." One man refusing to take an office tainted with fraud in the manner of his election thereto is an even more effective argument against ballot stuffing than the sentencing of ballot-stuffers to the penitentiary. The election crook is apt to see how mean and despised he is when the man for whom he works will not profit by his efforts. We do not expect even to see Mr. Shafroth's action duplicated in Congress or in any other office but we are all inwardly assured that Mr. Shafroth's action has a force, greater, perhaps, than we can adequately present, as a protest against crimes against the ballot. It jars us out of our acceptance of evils just because they are common. It jolts us into realization that this common thing is a crime against the public. And it is good for us to contemplate a man who would not blink at an election fraud to his own profit. Best of all Mr. Shafroth has "done his do" without any theatricality or sensationalism. He hasn't posed as a hero. He doesn't make his virtue a play to the galleries. He simply says that he will not abide by a wrong done in his own behalf and showing his sincerity in this way, his conduct must generate a like sincerity of disapproval of such wrongs in many other men who have reprehended irregular election practices in a spirit so perfunctory as to be meaningless and of no effect or moral value.



Philosophy and Pills.

DR. G. FRANK LYDSTON of Chicago has delivered himself of an elaborate essay to prove that we are becoming, as a people, degenerate. Now Dr. G. Frank Lydston has long been known as one of the most optimistic of the men in his profession, hence his sudden burst of pessimism is surprising. I first heard of Dr. G. Frank Lydston, as a poet, as the author of a poem upon a mineral water, beginning "Twinkle, Twinkle Garrod Spa," in which, apostrophizing that aqueous diuretic, he gave the world two lines which have ever rung in my memory or embody perhaps the highest aspiration of the race towards peace and content. Those lines were:

*Make me happy, calm and placid
By chasing out the uric acid.*

Dr. G. Frank Lydston's supply of the water which evoked from him the song that is equalled only by the rippling melody of Tennyson's "Brook," must have run exceedingly low to have permitted himself to in-

dulge in the essay which accuses us all of degeneracy. The good doctor certainly suffers from not having successfully chased from his midst the uric acid. The country is not becoming degenerate at all. When he or you or I or any or all of us get to thinking so, we may be sure that we are not at our rationcinative best. When we think the world is going all wrong what we need is a pill. If people took more pills there would be less dismal philosophy afflicting the world. This is a proposition which our plutocratic friends, the Christian Scientists, will controvert most vigorously, but those good people are so incorrigibly cheerful that what they need is something to tone them up or down to a little pessimism. The happy hallucinant is as much of a bore as the philosophical gloomster.



Professor Triggs.

Lo, the Standard Oil University is to be rid of Professor Triggs. What a pity! Triggs hasn't done anything so very bad. He said some of the most popular church hymns are doggerel. And they are. He said that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow didn't write great poetry. And Longfellow is surely guilty. At his best Longfellow is not a first-rater. On his ordinary level his rhymes have a fatal facility. Triggs said that Rockefeller was greater than Shakespeare. And Rockefeller is, in a way. Shakespeare couldn't do what Rockefeller has done, any more than Rockefeller could do what Shakespeare did. And Rockefeller's work, taking it as a whole, is not utterly to be condemned because it isn't in the Shakespeare class. The fact seems to be that Professor Triggs is the victim of exaggerating reporters. Nothing has been set out, as coming from him in his lecture room, that has not been relatively and measurably true. Nothing that he has done has borne the stamp of utter falsity or folly. He has done, and said things that every thinking man has said and done, and they have been misinterpreted by the emphasis of modern journalism. Almost any professor's lecture in any college course if hurriedly summarized and searched for salient points to attract attention and construct headlines would be as queer as those we have had exploited as coming from Professor Triggs. What he is reported to have said, does not constitute him a fool. If it be said that he was "let out" chiefly because President Roosevelt asked President Harper "what are you going to do with Triggs," it may be just as well to remember that some of the newspaper versions of President Roosevelt's own writings and speaking are just as absurd as anything ever attributed to poor Triggs. Roosevelt has talked rot on "race suicide," and has slopped over on "the strenuous life," if we are to take him by what the newspapers make him say. The "firing" of Triggs means simply that the misrepresentation of him has hurt the university, in the opinion of the President thereof. But there are worse things about the university than Triggs. The every-other-day discovery of "the secret of life" at that institution is a rotten fake and a rank nuisance. The commercialism of President Harper is offensive. He runs a university as if he were a promoter full of possibilities *a la* Whittaker Wright. The Harper chase for money is mean and small, when we think how most of the money upon which he has laid hold was amassed. Of course Harper is practical, but so was Triggs. If Triggs said Rockefeller was bigger than Shakespeare there are times when President Harper seems to think that Rockefeller is greater than God. Triggs is only a tub to the whale. The whole "shebang" known as the Standard Oil University is in disfavor with the people and Triggs is a sacrifice. He happens to have some social and economic theories that are distasteful to Harper and Rockefeller. But Harper has declared for liberty of instruction in the university, and he

couldn't "bounce" Triggs for his economic views, so he seizes upon the misrepresentations and exaggeration of Triggs' literary opinions as an excuse to get rid of a man of whom the worst that can be said is that he is a little touched with the mild socialism of William Morris and Froebel.



Jack Up the Transit Company.

It looks now as if the Transit Company's plans for handling the increased traffic during the World's Fair are no nearer realization than they were two years ago. As the new cars that were "ordered" have not yet been delivered, it is not at all improbable that the company will take old coaches off its north and south lines to try to meet the gigantic problem that will confront it on the branches running to the Fair Grounds. Such a reduction of service on the north and south roads will cause no end of protest, and inconvenience to visitors, and should not be permitted. Base ball parks and race tracks, and other places of amusement and resorts cannot be neglected. The business men of the city should see to it that steps are taken at once to induce the Transit Company to supply adequate service on all lines during the World's Fair or St. Louis' boasted superiority as a city with excellent street car facilities will receive a severe set back. Most of the rolling stock even now in service on Transit lines is of the cattle-car variety, unfit for comfortable travel. We cannot afford to pack our guests into them like so much human freight. Next to the Fair itself the street car facilities will come in for the most attention, and we cannot have the greatest of all exhibitions ruined by the failure of the street cars to accommodate the people.



The Industrial Alliance.

THE approaching national convention of the Industrial Alliance will be an important event. It has significance, in my opinion, only as a feature of the coming of politics into the matter of settling strikes. The great trouble has been in all labor disturbances of the more desperate sort that the State or city authorities have been inactive in enforcement of the law or open in connivance at the violation of the law by strikers or sympathizers therewith. The authorities have been thus inactive or openly violative of their obligations to the public for one reason only. The authorities hold their places by virtue of votes. The unions have solidified themselves, and threaten to cast their votes for those who help them, against those who interfere with them. They have carried out such threats to the letter. Here in St. Louis they defeated for re-election one of the best judges who ever sat upon the circuit bench, and they have elected candidates time and again. But now comes the Industrial Association, or whatever else it may be called, in great cities, and it presents to the authorities another union, not only numerically, but financially strong. The officers of this union of employers say to the authorities, police or other, "enforce the law as it is, against union labor or against any other element inclined to overstep the law, or we will defeat you for re-election or defeat your party." Back of this organization of employers are, and will be, all the people who may be threatened with violence or a boycott, or who may be inconvenienced by conditions affecting them as innocent parties to the quarrel. These people, in any community, when conditions reach a stage at which the action of the authorities is necessary, will be for the enforcement of law, and they always outnumber the strikers many fold. The authorities, looking to and for votes, will look to the larger number, and will act so as to please that larger number. We need not fear that the influence thus exerted by the new employers' association will be exerted so as to

make the authorities tyrannize over the strikers in any instance. There is always enough popular sympathy with strikes to make it certain that any injustice by the officers of the law to the workingman will be vigorously resented in the press and at the polls. The strength of the employers' associations will be directed solely to preventing the authorities from shutting their eyes to acts of palpable lawlessness upon the part of strikers. The employers will not dare to ask for the suppression of strikes. All they dare ask is that disorder be prevented, that intimidation be suppressed, that property be protected. And to such request there can be no objection. With both these influences pressing upon the authorities, we may be reasonably sure that the latter will be kept fairly well braced upon a middle line of fairness to each side of the controversy. With an organized opposition to the evil outgrowths of strikes there will be a decided drift to support it from elements in the population that hitherto have sympathized apparently with strike atrocities solely because they didn't want to stand out alone against them. With the authorities braced upon the one side to keep the union men in line with the law, and supported on the other hand in holding down the employer, we may come shortly to a state of affairs in which there shall be no need that the non-union worker shall go armed to his daily toil. With political forces balanced thus, we may have an end of the evil of privately maintained armies, of desperado deputies hastily sworn in, of the farcical usurpation of authority in "government by injunction," of judges catering to votes, and of police refusing to see rioters, and jurors terrorized into acquitting offenders against peace. If the authorities "get busy" in any big strike, and simply enforce the law, there's usually a quick ending of all disturbance, and an early settlement of differences. The authorities will "get busy" with their sworn business if they realize that they will be held responsible and rewarded as well in votes for doing their duty as they have been rewarded in the past for not doing it. All that is necessary, after all, to a better settlement of inevitable trouble between capital and labor is that the law shall be enforced, and that terrorism outside the law shall not be allowed to prevail. Strictly enforced laws mean an enforcement of arbitration, for they mean that the parties to a strike shall not be allowed to fight out their battle in defiance of law, and to the injury of the general interest. For all these considerations, therefore, it may be said that the establishment and growth of the Industrial Alliance are to be approved. The extremities to which it may tend will be counteracted, we may be sure, by the extremities to which opposing organizations may tend. With the two pitted against one another, the politician in office may safely and wisely conclude that the best policy for him will be to enforce the law strictly against both.



No Army Caste.

A SCHEME has been launched to have Congressmen give up the privilege of nominating candidates to the West Point Military Academy, and to inaugurate a system whereby the sons of army officers shall have preference for admission to the academy. This is a bad scheme. It is distinctly opposed to the American idea. As anyone can see, its tendency is to build up in this country a military caste. There is no need of argument to show that military caste or class is something we do not want in this country. We have a little too much militarism as conditions now are, and we don't want the civilian to be more eclipsed than he is now whenever a panoplied warrior is hanging around the club or the parlor, or walks the public ways. This erection of the sons of the soldiers into a sort of aristocracy is not to the liking of any true

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republican. We have had too much of it, even if in a mild sort of way, in the Loyal Legion, the Sons of Veterans, the daughters of this, that and the other. In the earlier days of the Republic the order of the Cincinnati was frowned down because of its caste tendency, and if such a tendency had to be suppressed then, how much more to be desired is its suppression now when the country's wealth is so much greater and so many social and other considerations unite to make people feel that there is need here of some of the forms of distinction by heredity and title that have so long exercised power in the Old World. West Point Academy must not be made an exclusive institution. It is somewhat too exclusive as it is, but, at least, theoretically, any boy desirous of obtaining the form of knowledge that goes with military training is eligible to a studentship there. Nowadays Congressmen play a little politics in nominating boys to West Point, but even such politics is better than the suggestion that the academy be open only to the sons of army officers. Such a proposal comes up with singular inappropriateness now, when Private Chaffee has succeeded Private Young, who succeeded Private Miles as head of the army. The only safety for a democracy that must maintain an army lies in having the army as democratic as possible.



The Late Joseph Franklin.

ST. LOUIS has lost another valuable citizen in the death of Joseph Franklin, of the William Barr Dry Goods Company. Mr. Franklin was a business man who combined the best qualities of the old school and the new. He was conservative even while progressive. He was not a believer in obtruding his personality upon the public. He kept in the background and allowed his work to speak for him and for itself. He served the public to the very best of his ability, and for the rest he was his own man, and he lived his life at a high and wide remove from the atmosphere of the office and the store. Mr. Franklin built up a great concern, one of the greatest in the country. It was, and is, a concern towards which, as a result of his methods and ideas, the people cherished a sort of affectionate attachment as if it were not altogether a private enterprise, but took on some of the aspects of a public institution. Mr. Franklin was devoted to many ideals. He was a student of books, and he strove for the betterment of public affairs. His tastes were simple, but refined, and marked by a liking for the elegances of mind and character, rather than the more material elegances of a civilization growing more and more luxurious. He lived in a congenial sort of semi-retirement when away from business, surrounded by a family and friends devoted, but without pretentious ardor, to intellectual pursuits. Mr. Franklin had his charities as extensive as they were unostentatious. He knew a great many people, but his friendship was so given that it was valuable for its rarity and its discernment. The world of local affairs heard little of him, but when heard from in or upon any matter, his voice and opinion were always effective. He was respected for his hard sense, and loved for his unstinting kindness to others. His business methods were direct, and his expansions were never along the line of generality at the expense of quality. With the later, new, noisy charlatanism of business he made no compromise. Mr. Franklin was very genuine, and genuineness was the quality that won his sympathy and support in all the relations of life. He was of a type of business man that seems to be passing away, more's the pity. The loss of the influence of his character; stern in seeming, but kindly and only just and honest in reality, upon the community cannot be over-estimated.

The Social Evil.

THERE is great agitation in this city over the social evil just now. There is too much agitation for the public good. Advertising is just what we ought not to give that matter. If the West End Home Protective Association will leave the matter of segregating the evil to the Police Board the purification process will be accomplished with less noisomeness. If the good people will let the police handle the question in the only practical way, the vice will be put in the background, since it cannot be extirpated. Give the police a free hand and the work necessary will be done. Continue the agitation and the West End will not be purified, for the reason that agitation will prevent the police from concentrating the evil under proper surveillance anywhere.



Drinks in the Park.

THERE is no reason why liquor should be sold in one city park more than another or in any park, since there is a law against selling liquor within a certain distance of any park. There is right, therefore, in the uprising against a lease of the Cottage in Forest Park. But how about the dispensing of liquor in the World's Fair grounds? The Cottage for many years has been run without violence to decency and to the enjoyment of many people as good as some, if not all, of the protestants. It can be conducted that way in future, if the city determines that it shall be. If the privilege were defensible in other years, at all, it should be more defensible in this year of the Fair. Thus, we all know, that the closing of the Cottage as it has been, will be a good thing for the road houses that will spring up about the park and the Fair. We can all do without a drink while in the park, if we have to do so. One will not die of thirst before getting out of the park, and to a place where drink may

be obtained. The matter is really unimportant, since there will be a plenitude of drinks to be had inside the Fair grounds, on the Pike. No one will grieve particularly if the Cottage bar should be closed, and taking into account the absurdity of the law upon liquor selling, which prevents it within a certain distance outside the park and permits it in the park, it might be just as well, for the sake of consistency, that the Cottage, if leased at all, should be given as a catering privilege, with the right to dispense liquor withheld.



Humane Society's Neglect.

SINCE the Humane Society has taken into membership nearly all the wealthy and influential owners of horses in the city, its officers are unable to detect cases of cruelty to animals. The MIRROR has called attention heretofore to the abuse of unsharpened horses on the ice-covered streets, but last week when these conditions prevailed, there were more instances than ever of cruelty to teams, and no one to come to their relief. If the Humane officers would but make an example of some of the owners of horses who are too penurious to have the animals' shoes sharpened before sending them out on the slippery streets, there would be less of this form of cruelty practiced. But the society's agents know from a perusal of the organization's list of vice-presidents what to expect if they become efficient. Even the regular police officers detailed to aid the society's agents are inclined to "pass up" such cases of cruelty as are commonly witnessed on the streets in winter. In fact, the Police Department finds it difficult nowadays to induce an officer to accept the Humane Society detail, even though it is considered a sinecure. The officers are afraid of offending some of the society's influential members.

Facts and Fancies in the Rise of Wheat

By Francis A. House

THESE are humming times in speculative commodity markets. Ever since the awful collapse in the New York stock market, extraordinary activity has characterized the proceedings in cotton, wheat, corn and coffee. After Brown had "led off" in the *tour de force* in cotton and whetted the appetite of expectant hordes of gamblers, Daniel Sully became the central figure and performed "stunts" that, a few weeks ago, threatened totally to eclipse the gayety of nations and even compelled the crowned potentate of Great Britain to intimate, in his otherwise platitudinous speech from the throne, his deep-seated anxiety as to the probable results of the demoralization in the cotton trade.

Now the mighty Sully has temporarily retired to more private haunts, for the purpose, no doubt, of replenishing his somewhat exhausted stock of animal energies, a Chicago coterie of audacious and resourceful gamblers is manipulating quotations for wheat, corn and oats, in a manner calculated to excite the sincere admiration of all the old and new "sports," Brown, Sully, Gates and Moore Brothers not excepted. Confidential advisers tell us that the redoubtable Phil Armour is superintending this latest performance *a la baisse* on the Chicago Board of Trade. They likewise tell us, in husky whispers, that the cunning Phil, whose activity in this mundane sphere is of such vital concern to the useful family of *sus domesticus*, has already garnered ever so many

millions of dollars as the reward of his speculative foresight and forestalling.

There can be no doubt that the bulls are, at this writing, in complete control of the wheat market. The shrill tocsin has been sounded in no uncertain or faltering manner. Higher prices for wheat are inevitable, they tell us, in view of the portentous situation in the Celestial regions of Asia, and the ominous snarls and growls of the hungry dogs of war on the fateful plains of Philippi. The Chicago champions of a roaring bull market in wheat have carefully studied the situation and satisfied themselves that this is the true psychological moment to set things a-going.

May wheat has crossed the dollar mark. Prices, in the last two weeks, have fluctuated wildly, sharply and quickly. Proceedings were of a character to delight the heart of the most *blase* old-timer. This was to be expected, of course, considering the millions and muscles in and behind the Armour "deal." Pork-packers do everything on a grand scale. When they go into anything, the sums at stake are always of prodigious size. Besides, it takes an amplitudinous purse to "corner" and "bull" a commodity like wheat. A beggarly million would not go very far in a fierce tussle, with millers and Liverpool, Hamburg and Rotterdam importers of our wheat.

The present upturn is based, in part, on various conjectures regarding the duration and outcome of the Russo-Japanese conflict. Russia is one of the world's three largest producers of wheat. English,

German, Dutch and Italian importers draw substantial quantities of wheat from Odessa. Russia is our most formidable competitor in the wheat trade. The theory of the Chicago clique now is that a long war should materially restrict the production of wheat in Russia. Is this a reasonable, convincing theory? It does not seem so. The millions of Russian moujiks may be relied upon to raise their usual quantity of wheat, rye and barley, war or no war. The present conflict, no matter how long it may last, will not cripple Muscovite productive capacity.

An argument of greater weight and logic is that flowing out of the probability that the Russian government will eventually be compelled to prohibit the shipment of wheat across its frontiers. Resort has been had to this economically dubious expedient before. Perhaps an imperial ukase bearing upon this would already have gone forth but for the fact that Russia is still in a comfortable position from the consumer's standpoint.

Grave complications or actual hostilities on the Balkan peninsula would affect wheat prices decisively, yea, startlingly. If Austria, Italy, France and England were to become involved in Abdul Hamid's incurable difficulties with his revolting subjects, Phil Armour's task would instantaneously be metamorphosed into a plain and prosperous "cinch." However, there is as yet no tenable ground on which to plant expectations of such a calamitous event, for a

world-wide calamity of the most appalling nature it would certainly be, however much it might add to the bank accounts of American gamblers.

The London *Statist* advances the most logical argument in justification of the prevailing range of wheat prices. It says, in substance, that the world's surplus at the end of the current season, that is, by July 1st, 1904, will be exceedingly small. It is of the opinion that the American wheat crop of last year has been largely over-estimated. Private opinion in this country seems to endorse Mr. Lloyd's prognosis. However, there remains this all-important question to answer: If supply and demand are really approaching each other so closely, why is it that American exports of wheat and flour continue so abnormally small right along, much smaller, in fact, than they were a year ago? European importing houses are certainly no dupes or "greenies." They have been in the business for many years, and have excellent private sources of information in all the wheat-producing countries of the world. Then we must also reckon with this year's wheat crops in Argentina, India and Australia. According to the most recent reports, these are in promising condition and should leave a substantial surplus for shipment to Europe. The actual condition of our own winter wheat crop cannot, as yet, be definitely ascertained. It would seem, however, that it is more than likely to fall considerably short of last year's, drought and cold, alter-

nating thawing and freezing, having done more or less injury to the fields.

The Chicago movement will, undoubtedly, end like all others that have preceded it, that is, disastrously to the thousand of gamblers who never can withstand the temptation held out by a skillfully manipulated, rapidly rising, and artificially supported market. So far as the millionaire protagonists of the rise are concerned, all that can be said, at this time, is that they are engaged in a *va banque* game, resting on suppositions and hopes that may or may not materialize.

Whatever the outcome may be, let no one, in the meanwhile, deceive himself with fanciful conjectures and preposterous beliefs. When Joseph Leiter was playing the game in 1898, and putting the price up to \$1.85, many there were who concluded that everything was in his favor, and that he could not fail. A certain prominent English writer even went so far as to elaborate a pseudo-scientific argument to demonstrate that the gospel of Malthusianism still holds good, and that the world is gradually nearing a period when there shall be too many mouths to eat and not enough bread to satisfy them. Fantastic talk and reasoning of this kind are always obtruding themselves upon us in times of speculative excitement and fears, but invariably dissolve into airy nothing as soon as common sense and the iron law of supply and demand have resumed their position and prestige.

The Lost Man of the Army

By Francis E. Leupp

THE auditing offices of the War Department have recently been grappling with a case of double personality, or something of the kind, which is provoking more explanations than many of the familiar pieces of newspaper fiction in which the public is asked to guess the closing chapter. Frank J. Belyea, a Brooklyn machinist of good address and appearance, served nearly one year in the United States army and was borne for a number of the months of that year on the roll of Company I, Second Regiment of Infantry, and yet the Government acknowledges that it has never paid him a cent for his services, because no record of his enlistment can be found and no man traced into whose place he might have been put. He is the "lost man of the army." He is an intelligent young man, writes a good letter, spells and punctuates properly, and on his recent visit here in the pursuit of his claim was subjected to the severest questioning by auditing officers who expected to find that he was erratic or visionary or insane or something of that kind. But he stood his tests so well that the War Department people became convinced of his honesty, although by the strict interpretation of the law they could not pay him.

It seems that early in January, 1902, Belyea was in San Francisco, whither he had wandered in a spirit of holiday. He went out one evening with some companions to have a good time, and "drank something," but not enough, he feels sure, to make him intoxicated. The first thing he remembers after that was waking in the guardhouse at Honolulu, clothed in the uniform of a United States soldier. He had no idea of what had taken place, or what had become of his companions. In fact, he did not know that he was in Honolulu until some hours after his surprising discovery that he was a private in the army. The War Department's investigation, recently made, finds its first trace of him also at the same point. The

official files report the arrest of a soldier in uniform in Honolulu, who, it was assumed, had been left over from the transport Kilpatrick, which had just sailed on its way to the Philippines; so he was thrown into the guardhouse to await dispatch by the next transport.

Belyea soon made up his mind that he must have been enlisted when drugged or intoxicated, or that, under one or the other of these influences, he had been put into the clothes of some enlisted man who wanted to get out and had by this means procured a substitute. He decided, as it was the 27th of January when he discovered himself, that he would make the best of a bad matter by doing his duty, and eventually try to be relieved. No information was available at Honolulu; there was then no cable connection with the United States, and so he was rather glad when thrown on board the next transport, which happened to be the *Thomas*, to continue the trip to Manila. He there expected the mystery to unravel.

The *Thomas* arrived at Manila March 3. He was assigned to Company I of the Second Infantry, and sent to Laguimanoc. An enlisted man does not get much opportunity to air grievances, and he therefore awaited pay-day. When that came, his name was found on the roll of the company, where it had been placed by the commanding officer, but with no descriptive list—nothing to show when and where he had last been paid, or when he had enlisted. Accordingly the company officers referred the case to their higher tribunals, until it finally reached the headquarters of the Division of the Philippines with the request that this man's descriptive list be completed so that he might be properly paid. But no information could be obtained at Manila or at San Francisco. If the commanding officers had taken a stick of wood at Honolulu and impressed it into service, there would have been just as satisfactory an account of why it was there doing duty as a soldier,

The enlistment records have since been searched, and no such man was ever enlisted, or, at least, by his name; he does not know of ever having had any other name, though it would be to his interest to show an enlistment, for then he could be paid.

The commanding officer of Company I was accordingly instructed by the adjutant-general to obtain Belyea's statement as to the date and place of his enlistment; and when he could give none, orders were issued that his name be dropped from the rolls of that company, and that he be returned to the Presidio at San Francisco with a view to his identification as an enlisted man. He returned on the *Sheridan*, which left Manila October 6, 1902, and arrived in San Francisco on the 31st of the same month in the further pursuit of an answer to the question who he was, and where he was "at." When no identification of him could be made at that great army rendezvous, where more than any other point in the country the various regiments and officers come and go as to a sort of military capital, he was released on December 22, having passed almost one year in military service. He had also standing against him two fines, one of five dollars and the other of three, as deductions from his wages, for infractions of the rules; but the offences occurred in both cases, as he explains, through his endeavors to find out who he was. Once he had a five days' leave of absence to go to Manila, and, thinking his quest might be successful with another day's investigation, he had overstayed his time.

Belyea had no desire to become a soldier, as he was earning four dollars a day in electrical work before his enlistment, but he does want this mystery cleared up, and his method of getting the Government to do the clearing up is to bring action for his pay. The auditing officers and his legal advisers have suggested many theories, but thus far none which explains the strange, eventful story.

New York Evening Post.

A Looker-On at Baltimore

By Percival Pollard

CONSIDERED sheerly as a spectacle, the great Baltimore fire must erase, in the memory of all who witnessed it, the pictures of all other spectacles, real or staged. Nothing quite like it was ever before seen; nothing like it, one prays, may ever be seen again. Not that there are not now alive plenty of those who saw the Chicago fire; but that from the curiously broken sky-line of the modern civic center—the skyscraper towering like giants above pigmy buildings—there came effects that nothing in the Chicago architecture of thirty years ago could possibly have equaled. A book would scarce suffice to set down all the horribly beautiful pictures to be seen in Baltimore that night of Sunday, February the 7th; yet, in view of the primarily material features of the fire having been so exhaustively exploited by the newspapers, perhaps I may venture upon description of some of the merely pictorial effects.

After all, however much I strive to avoid repetition of what the papers have already deluged us with, it becomes necessary to begin at the beginning. Here, then, for just a purely personal impression. An impression, paralleled, doubtless by the experiences of hundreds on that fateful night. Yet an impression, also, that may have value of its own, in that it need concern itself only with details outside of figures and statistics. The impression, at any rate, of one who saw the fire at its worst, and from many points of vantage.

It was in the forenoon of that Sunday that, walking on the fashionable portion of North Charles street, one observed a column of smoke, far downtown, making a back curtain to the fine Washington monument that makes the southern horizon of the Charles street vista. Presently a loud explosion. Still, for the time being, no notion of impending calamity. One simply recalled these things, later, as one recalls the points in a picture. One ate one's mid-day meal, however, in growing excitement; one learned that in many a church the word had been passed, "Hurst, Pernel's is burning up," and that many a worshiper, employed by that firm, had left hurriedly.

The afternoon found a huge crowd already about the fire. The entire block about the building that first caught fire was already consumed, and the fire had crossed Baltimore street. One watched it burning Mullen's Hotel, an inn well known the country over for good fare, for fine oysters, and comfort for "stag" vagabonds. Already the alleys leading northward to Lexington streets were constantly cleared by policemen who announced that dynamite was to be used. Yet one watched without any suspicion of what was to come. There was no wind that afternoon. The morning breeze from the southwest had died down; the firemen seemed to have their chance to quell the flames. One went to one's supper, if one went at all, light-hearted, and only anxious, in one's capacity as a spectator of the spectacular, lest on one's return the fire should prove utterly out.

But the afternoon lull in the wind was not seized. By bad luck or bad management those golden hours of afternoon were not used to their utmost by the Baltimore fire department. In those hours they had their opportunity; then the fire might have been checked; then, too, might effective dynamiting have been done. Not the futile dynamiting of buildings contiguous to those already in flames, but the dynamiting

of an entire block at a distance of at least a block in advance of the fire. What was the blowing up of a single building here and there to a fire that, at the hour of the explosions, was never less than a block in width?

As twilight and darkness fell, the wind rose. Overhead, beyond the pall of smoke, the sky, in horrid irony, cleared to a perfect starlight. The morning had been overcast, threatening; now, with the night, the threat in force, the heavens glittered blue and black and gold; the splendid sneer of sable and brass.

By eight in the evening the fire had already crossed Charles street. Charles and Baltimore streets, where they cross, divide the town north and south, east and west; they are to Baltimore as Fifth avenue and Forty-second streets in New York; Broadway and Olive streets to St. Louis. Spots one had stood upon in the afternoon were now ruinous, entire blocks in every direction—save only west—being wiped out, utterly. I stood in Post Office square and saw the northern wing of the fire flaming through the towering Union Trust skyscraper; the flames poured through those hundreds of windows as would water through a bird-cage. The town was gradually awaking, alarmed, alarming. Militia poured out upon the streets; barred them off. The general public could nowhere come close enough to the actual fire to see the firemen; militia and police hindered at one point, the intense heat at another; one could see only the fearful torrent of flame pouring eastward over the entire horizon; a torrent that paid no heed at all to the thin streams of water that one saw shooting toward it, and becoming mere steam. Torrents of flame, licking up building after building, not pausing to consume one before they seized another, but belching right through one, often to grip the heart out of its neighbor. Flames, and the undescrivable roar of flames, in such volume and thunder, as none ever heard before. Such awful consonance of sound and color as nothing human or divine ever achieved before. A thunder, a crackling, a crumbling of stone and mortar, a hissing of steam; all these and a score of other tremendous noises welded into one frightful roar as of a hungry, fearsome and relentless beast. Over all, millions upon millions of sparks. Sparks and flying fire; fire falling, literally, a mile away; fire that lit new fires half a dozen blocks from the main devouring body of the fire; fire that flung itself upon roofs, upon the streets, and upon one's hat.

We passed, my companion and I, from Post Office square, down Calvert street to Baltimore. A few moments we stood on some high steps on Calvert street, looking west up Bank Lane to where, ever nearer, ever hotter, the demon came over the hill from Charles street. A moment or so later we stood with our backs against the Continental Trust Building, the tallest in the town. Already the flames were destroying McKim's Bank, a block away. The heat was intolerable. One realized, now, that nothing human could stay the progress of this fire, until it should reach Jones' Falls, or the Basin—which latter is the name given that part of Chesapeake Bay that winds itself into the town and gives it docks and shipping. No fire fighters could contend against that mighty avalanche of flame that licked up buildings as the tide licks up pebbles. The firemen might hover about the edges of the fire; they might divert its lateral progress here and there; its onward rush, with the

rising gale behind it, they could no more check than a six-barred gate could check the Mississippi. Nothing human could live before that heat. The higher the building, the more furious the force of the flames that the gale poured forward. The gale of wind, coming upon the fire at a time when it had already reached a width of four to five blocks, made it hopelessly irresistible; other elements making for utter destruction were the narrow streets and the skyscrapers. The flames did not merely shoot across the narrow streets as isolated messengers of destruction; they poured across in entire sheets, without a break. We saw the new Carrollton Hotel seized by such a sheet of flames as simply took no count at all of the narrow street intervening. By this time we had continued south to Lombard street; the fire was not yet that far south; its heart was in its progress east along Baltimore street. It was eating its way through the Carrollton to the Maryland Trust skyscraper, and the News Building; farther up the hiss, the Equitable Building at the foot of which we stood an hour ago, was sending its torrent of fire to high heaven, and the blocks around it. That was one of the appalling features of that night: the spot one stood on a short hour or so ago was flame-devoured a brief hour or so later. Constantly the police and the militia, and the public retreated, before the firegod's advance. In our own retreat we came again upon Baltimore street, a block below the offices of the *Sun* and the *American*. Now the fire had gone through the Carrollton Hotel block as if it were of paper; from the high stories of the Maryland Trust Building it had fallen upon the high stories of the Continental Trust skyscraper; the latter was a torch set awfully and fatefully in the fire's path and vanguard; a torch that lighted scores of fires in the blocks beyond; a torch that shed, for all time, a destroying light upon the supposed safety of the modern skyscraper.

No person who saw the Continental Trust Building burning that night in Baltimore can ever again listen with patience to arguments favoring our so-called fire-proof buildings of more than six or seven stories. Those torrents of flames, gale-fanned, rising, as flames must by nature, simply caught the highest stories of the high buildings; went through the many unshuttered windows with their impetus increased and flung themselves headlong upon the nearest high buildings. What hope of fire-fighting with that leap-frog of flame being played among the Titans of the upper air? With flames a block in width leaping from the thirteenth story to sixteenth story, and showering from that eminence fire and spark upon all the blocks beyond, what could any devices of man avail? No; that night proved the skyscraper the most dangerous of all modern buildings. We all know that, in average circumstances, the modern skyscraper creates a tremendous wind-force of its own. The Flat-Iron building is proverbial in that respect, in New York; and the Masonic Temple and Auditorium Tower in Chicago has been notorious on this account years ago. Add to this already existing maelstrom of air the force of a gale, and you can imagine the frightful wind-pressure created by such buildings. Fill that maelstrom with fire, and what can possibly save the blocks nearby? Those skyscrapers, that night in Baltimore, simply caught the uprush of the fire, and flung it forward again with renewed force, for miles.

By this time, the Continental Trust Building dooming the entire rest of the town as far as Jones' Falls, it was become impossible, from where we stood, to look up Baltimore street for more than a few seconds at a time. The heat was blinding, the sparks dangerous. Yet we were more than two blocks away. The sparks! Millions on millions, flying, crackling, hissing through the night, in a stream that

was infinite, incalculable, horrible in brilliance and beauty. Only once had I seen sparks akin to these; when the World's Fair buildings burned in Chicago and the myriads of sparks went skating frantically over the frozen lagoons. But on that night in Chicago one had been more able to consider the merely spectacular; those white palaces, after all, were cumbring the earth, their use outlived; here, in Baltimore, the flames were puffing out dollars with each breath; each spark, in all those millions, stood for gold, hard won. Under the rain of sparks we stood, our eyes near closed with the pain and the heat; and the longer we stood the more of our just trodden paths did we see devoured of the firegod. Indeed, eventually, there was not a place where we had stood, that was not obliterated.

The *Sun* force was already on its way to Washington to print its paper; the *American* was being consumed as was the *News*; a Sunday editor of the *Herald* came by, and told us their building was shut up long ago, they hoped it might weather the fire; but it went with the rest. Only the Court House stopped the progress northeast of the fire; that and the wide space in front of the Post Office. And, above all else, the shift in the wind, which now began to come from the northwest. That was what enabled the firemen, eventually, to keep the fire on the west bank of Jones' Falls, and so keep on towards the bay. Only the turn in the wind, nothing that man could do. The fire burned itself out; it was not checked. Its flanks were harassed, so that it did not, against the wind, proceed further in certain side-shifts; but its actual onward stay was never checked at all. While the wind held from the west it burned clear to Jones' Falls; when the wind went into the north, the fire went straight down to the docks. You have only to look at any map your newspaper has given you to see how entirely the elements held sway. The elements, aided by the skyscrapers.

Millions were lost, but millions are also to be made. Little episodes we witnessed that fatal night were advance guards of the millions lost and millions making. Where we stood a clothing store was trying to get its goods out; it needed all the wagons it could find. A man rushed up, claiming the dollar offered for merely finding a wagon. "Two dollars" he wanted, "it's a double team." And he got it. The wagoner waited until goods began to pile in, then he yelled for the bargain. For anything short of \$15 for the load he would drive away again. And he got it. And so it has gone, now, in the week following the fire. Stores in the fashionable Charles street region north of the fire limit, the rents of which were were \$1,000, have been re-leased for fifteen times that.

But I am drifting, after all, into the details made too familiar by the newspapers. I have sketched the first of those ruinous night hours. Baltimore will rise from the ruins, that is certain; purged, and I trust, wiser. Millions are gone, but other millions are already in the making. And if only one lesson be properly learned, and impressed upon the country at large, there will have been a worth even to this tremendous tragedy. I saw the Galveston of four months after the flood; but that tragedy, with all its loss of life, looked no grimmer than the tragedy of Baltimore to-day. Galveston learned its lesson from its tragedy; a new, safe-guarded Galveston is arising. Even so should it be with Baltimore. And this is the lesson:

There is no such thing as a fire-proof skyscraper. What profit in the assertions of the architects, the contractors, that this, that and the other skyscraper

now among the Baltimore ruins, are, structurally, as good as ever they were, that the steel and stone are unimpaired? They are skeletons, and skeletons that, on the fateful night, breathed destruction on all around them. The fire went through their many windows as water through a sieve. Their height added to all the existing fury of the flames; leaping upward, these flames caught the high buildings where low ones would have escaped. No fire-fighting apparatus can reach beyond a certain number of stories. No, there is no such thing as a fire-proof building of a greater height than the ordinary fire-stream can reach. Only two types of buildings proved fairly immune. One was that having double thicknesses of concrete outside walls, with fire-shutters to all windows—windows, unguarded, proved simply fire-flues—and of ordinary height. The other was the single or double-story building of the type of the New York *Herald*, the Kansas City *Star*, and the Mercantile Trust Company in St. Louis. In the very block in which I saw the fiercest hell of fire I saw that night, the Carrollton Hotel, the Maryland Trust, the B. & O., the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Continental Trust Buildings, all roaring furnaces on its very edge, the one-story corner building of Alexander Brown & Sons stood practically unharmed, a solid safe rock. The fire, the very heart of it, literally passed over it. The lace blinds were scorched, and that was about all; the clock did not stop, the vaults were unharmed, and while other banks were taking advantage of the Governor of Maryland's ten-day legal holiday, this institution was opening its vaults

to the public, wherein to safeguard securities that had been rescued from the vaunted skyscrapers.

Here, finally, one finds the spots, in all that history, that one likes to dwell upon. That stocky, square, one-storied building, unharmed, amid the ghastly skeletons of skyscrapers, has its counterpart in the following action of the firm that owned it. All Baltimore was paralyzed; it had no money; not a bank was to resume payments for a week, at least. Then, on the Wednesday noon following the fire, Alexander Brown & Sons began paying their depositors all cheques; the entire staff was housed comfortably and commodiously in the dressing-rooms of the spacious ball-room annex to Mr. Brown's residence on Cathedral street; and while the patrons of other banks waited another ten days for the slightest accommodations of ordinary banking, the firm of Alexander Brown & Sons went suavely and politely upon their wonted ways, as if such a thing as a fire had never been. Many terrible, many sad, many unpleasant things I could still tell of the fire, and of its commercial aftermaths; but nothing finer, nothing pleasanter than of the business acumen that erected such a bank building, and the fine spirit that, in the face of an apparently ruined community, dared to open its doors and set its dollars rolling as if nothing at all had happened.

If you ask me whether Baltimore will regain its losses, I think of what was done by Alexander Brown & Sons, and I know that it will.

Wider streets, and no skyscrapers; those must be the watchwords.

The Man Who Never Meant Anything

By Nellie Cravey Gillmore

A SMALL china clock ticked busily away on the mantel. Ten o'clock passed, eleven, twelve; and still another hour.

Cecilia rose stiffly from the chair in which she had sat and watched and waited, in a sort of lethargy, for three long hours. She took one or two mechanical turns up and down the room, then paused at an open window to look out into the night. Through the fretted sycamores a pale moon dashed restless patches of silver across her face, accentuating its unusual whiteness. She put up her arms, and rested her throbbing temples against her clasped hands.

How long she stood there she could not tell, but presently a burnt-out log parted and plunged into the ashes below, sending a last shower of sparks chimneyward. She started and turned at the sound. A few scattered bits of charred bark lay about the hearth-rug, and, with that inevitable attention to trivialities we have all known above the current of some deeper feeling, she stooped and brushed them off with painstaking care, and replenished the fire.

After a while, she crossed over to the piano and tried to play, but her fingers stuck to the keys as if they were held there by an invisible force. Her muscles commenced to ache, and a sense of suffocation gripped her throat. The dead quiet of the room pressed upon her like a physical burden.

At last, when dawn pierced the narrow window-panes with thin, blue streaks of light, she dropped wearily into a chair, overcome by sheer bodily exhaustion, and slept.

In a little while, a halting step echoed on the veranda, and the click of a latch-key roused her.

Langdon walked unsteadily into the room, and paused at the reading-table, his knuckles pressed heav-

ily against the polished mahogany top. A defiant scowl settled between his brows as Cecilia rose and came over to where he stood.

"Well—what?" she smiled in a wonderful little fashion that women have, to hide all the bitterness and disgust that surged within her.

Langdon fumbled nervously with an agate pen-staff that lay on the table, and his eyes fell. Glancing up presently, he met his wife's clear, bright gaze, and flushed dull red. Cecilia crossed her hands loosely behind her, and leaned her shoulder against the sharp edge of the mantel-shelf. Her whole attitude breathed firmly suppressed emotion, and she tapped the floor restlessly with her foot as she waited for him to speak.

"I was just thinking," he said, insolently, after a long pause, "what fools women are."

Cecilia smiled inwardly at this sweeping generality, with its pointed allusion. "Yes," she assented, slowly; "yes."

Langdon flared at her passivity. He had expected tears, reproaches, anything—and had been prepared to parry them. He thrust both trembling hands into his pockets, and began to pace up and down the room.

"Why did you sit up?" he inquired abruptly, stopping in front of her.

"Why? Why, to wait for you, of course, dear," she said, in a studiedly gentle tone.

Langdon sneered. "I fully understand." He laughed, shortly. "To spy on me!" He made a quick, comprehensive gesture with one hand, resting the other on the back of a chair for support.

Cecilia stared at him dully, and the blood flamed to her face. She half opened her lips to speak, but checked herself, struggling for self-control.

After a while, she smiled faintly and laid her hand tenderly on his arm. "You are tired—excited, George, but it's—it's all right, isn't it? We mustn't quarrel now—when we never have quarreled. All of us make mistakes—"

"You are mighty right about that," he broke in, irritably. "So don't ever again make the mistake of sitting up all night for—for a man. Men detest that sort of thing."

He lighted a cigar, and sank heavily into a chair, taking long, placid puffs, and watching the circling wreaths of smoke with half-closed, complacent eyes.

A long silence followed. The clock on the mantel struck five.

Hurt to the soul, Cecilia stood, still and mute, her quivering hands locked hard for self-mastery.

Presently, Langdon got up and stood in an embarrassed fashion by her side. A wave of sudden tenderness swept over his face as he looked down at the bowed bronze head, and he placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry about it any more," he said, awkwardly; "I've been a brute, that's all—no, and a cad, besides. A fellow never knows—" He paused, without finishing his sentence, the contrition deepening in his eyes.

"Well?" She smiled a little, the bitterness quite gone, and now, for the first time, tears sprang to her eyes.

"I was going to say," he went on, musingly, "that a man never knows how dear his wife is to him until he is confronted by the possibility of losing her." He laughed softly, and patted her head, lover-fashion.

After a little, he stooped and kissed her lips. Then he held her away from him for a second, and gazed gravely into the pale, tired face.

"You mustn't do this again—promise me," he said.

"Oh, no, of course not," she returned, in a vibrant little voice; "unless—unless—" Her lashes flickered, and she turned away.

Langdon caught her hands in his, and crushed them close. "Unless you have another opportunity?" he suggested, laughing. "Well, then, you won't if that's all."

And one might have thought that he meant it.

Langdon made his way along the deserted avenue with that chalk-line precision that inevitably labels its subject. Somewhere in the neighborhood a clock struck three, and he paused under the glare of a gas-lamp to compare his time.

A few blocks further on, he stood in front of a tall, gray-stone house with darkened windows. After several minutes' bungling with the night-latch, he finally let himself in, and banged the door behind him.

At the threshold of the library, he struck a match and peered curiously about the abandoned room. An oath leaped to his lips. He sat down a moment on the edge of a chair to steady himself, and presently got up and passed on to his wife's sleeping apartment.

The door was partly ajar, and he felt his way cautiously to where she slept, leaning over to catch the sound of her breathing.

Several seconds passed, and she did not stir. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and shook her clumsily.

She started, sighing vaguely; then, to all appearances, slept soundly again.

With another imprecation, he turned on his heel and quitted the room.

His fury had partly sobered him, and, crossing directly to his desk in the adjoining room, he turned on the light and sat down. Drawing paper and pencil before him, he dashed down the following:

"MY DEAR WIFE:

"At last you have forced the realization upon me

that I no longer occupy the old place in your heart, and, rather than hold any other, I am going away forever.

"YOUR DEVOTED HUSBAND.

He sealed and directed it; and then, having thrust the note inside her door, left the house. "Perhaps that will teach her a lesson!" he muttered, angrily, slamming the gate behind him.

When his last footfall had died away, Cecilia

slipped quietly from the bed, and, tearing open the folded sheet, read his message by the light of breaking day.

For a long time she stood motionless, her fingers crushed mechanically against the paper.

"And the worst of it is," she said, bitterly, "he doesn't mean a word of it—he never means anything!"

From the March Smart Set.

A Putty Autocrat

Life and Character of the Czar Nicholas

ALL are agreed that, as a man, Nicholas II. has a charming character. A tender-hearted and devoted son, he was never guilty of any of the unfilial acts which marked the beginning of the reign of a neighboring sovereign. He has no private vices, and his domestic life is simple and pure. Without intellectual endowment of an exceptional kind, he is intelligent, well read, and well traveled, and the only time he was ever in personal danger of his life was during his tour through Japan—for it must not be forgotten that the Czar knows the country and people from whom he himself now wishes to avert the horrors of war. His majesty has quickness of perception, sensibility, and taste; but it is not so certain that his mind is of the kind which can master all the details and aspects of a complicated question. In discussing a political problem with a man, for example, like Bismarck, he would have been as mere clay in the hands of the potters. To him is not the big, all-embracing brain, or the scientific and historical imagination. He sees clearly enough, perhaps, within his horizon, but there is nothing to show that this is of any great range. His motto appears to be *magis arte quam marte*. Though trained, of course, to be a soldier, he lacks the temperament and the tastes of one; while so sensitive is his heart, and so little calculated to resist even a description of the horrors of a battlefield, that, on the occasion of his coronation, when so many of his poorer subjects were crushed to death on the Khodynskoi Plain at Moscow, he was afflicted with a severe attack of jaundice. Nicholas is as gentle as his mother, from whom, more than from his herculean father, he has inherited his temperament and physique; and certainly no one ever looked less what destiny has made him—the absolute ruler of over a hundred and twenty millions of his fellow creatures—than does Nicholas II.

But, after all, a man must not be judged by his inches, or it would fare ill with the reputation of some of the greatest movers and masters of the human race—the Apostle Paul, Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick, Napoleon and many others. A man's body is nothing in comparison with his mind, and heart, and will-power as expressed by his words, but more so by his acts. Of words from Nicholas II. we have had very few—no volumes of flaming speeches and telegrams as from his fellow-sovereign at Berlin; no stirring after-dinner speeches, no table-talk—nothing, in fact, worth reporting or repeating, so that we have to deal with a comparatively inarticulate monarch. William II. had not been nine weeks, scarcely even nine days, old as an Emperor-King before the world began to realize that the throne of Prussia had been ascended by a man of the mould of Frederick the Great; but more than nine years have now elapsed without Nicholas II. giving any clear sign of possessing that degree of character and will-power which would alone entitle him to be regarded as the autocrat of all the Russias. An

autocrat can get along without much intellect; he can do nothing without character. In his repeated visits to France—where, of course, every one was disposed to judge him in the most favorable light—the Czar pleased, and even charmed, without impressing; though his admirers would have been more numerous if he had revealed the existence of more iron in his composition.

Instead of iron they found putty, and the proofs thereof are many. Let us glance at a few of them only. As heir in waiting, the gentle "Nicky" professed Liberal sentiments; but he had not been many weeks on the throne before he solemnly declared: "Let all know that I devote all my strength to the good of my people; but that I shall uphold the principle of autocracy as firmly and unflinchingly as did my ever-lamented father." There is reason to believe that the new Czar had not done this, so to say, off his own bat, but that he was merely acting on the advice of others. William II. made haste to dismiss Prince Bismarck, and become his own "Iron Chancellor." Nicholas, it appears, was only too glad to retain the services of such men as M. Pobyedonostseff and the other reactionary counsellors, who continued to be a power behind the throne greater than that upon it. My authority for this statement are the words of M. Pobyedonostseff himself. Replying to a magazine article by Prince Krapotkin, which gave expression to the indignation caused throughout Russia by the Czar's sending of some disorderly students into the "Disciplinary battalions" of the army, the procurator of the holy synod wrote:

"It should be remembered that our Emperor never issues such orders on his own responsibility. He contents himself with confirming the decision of the various executive councils and the resolutions of his ministers in cases prescribed by law."

Voilà, the conversion of the autocratic Czardom into a sort of constitutional monarchy, with the Czar as mere putty material in the moulding hands of his more powerful ministers! After this, is it surprising that the Czar should have hastened to extinguish the liberties of the Finns, whose constitution it had been one of his very first sovereign acts to confirm and swear to observe in the most solemn manner? If ever a monarch was guilty of downright perfidy, and even perjury to his people, it was now; and the only salve which he could seek to apply to his conscience was the reflection that he had only—if, perhaps, much against the grain—acted on the advice of his reactionary, but by no means responsible ministers—he, the autocrat of all the Russias, who had sunk to the level of reigning without ruling. As some little compensation for the power which those behind the throne of Russia had thus usurped, they offered no opposition to his suggestion and summoning of a peace conference at The Hague, which they well knew must prove a mere *coup d'épée dans l'eau*, as Bismarck said of his

own young Emperor's famous labor conference, and have not the slightest influence on the domestic affairs of Russia itself.

That Nicholas II. has not the courage of his own opinion was proven to demonstration—to speak of nothing else—by his attitude to the proposal of Lord Salisbury in the autumn of 1896, apropos of the Armenian troubles, to coerce the Sultan, if need be, into the granting of such reforms as would save his empire from the dangers constantly menacing it and the peace of Europe.

"He (the foreign minister at St. Petersburg), wrote Sir Nicholas O'Connor, informed me that the Emperor had read very carefully your lordship's telegram, but that he had told him it was impossible for him to agree to coercive measures against the Sultan.

This was on November 16, and on the 25th:

"He had seen the Emperor on Monday, and he was authorized by his Majesty to tell me that the Russian

Government agreed to the proposals contained in your lordship's dispatch of the 20th ult., and that they would not object to advise as to coercive measures if the Sultan should prove recalcitrant, and refuse to accept the reforms unanimously recommended by the ambassadors. He thought there had been some misunderstanding, and he was glad to be able to clear it up."

Misunderstanding? No, not that so much as middle-mindedness and indecision, such as had caused his grandfather, Alexander II., to be dragged into a war in Turkey in 1877 against his will, as stands on historical record, by the powers behind his throne, and such as again precipitates Nicholas II. into a conflict in the Far East. In the case of a benevolent and enlightened autocrat like him, it is the weakness, not the strength, of his will that constitutes a danger to the peace of the world.

London Chronicle.

cause you have lived too long in the country, but it seems to me you are becoming very commonplace and overprudent!"

He interrupted me brusquely.

"Prudent, perhaps. Prudence conducts a bark well. Besides—do you want me to tell you why I insist that my child shall learn to write a good hand? It is a story from a period in my life when you would not have called me overprudent. It was a long time ago—in '63. Then Baden was—Baden; and Monte Carlo was a mere fisherman's village. Any one who was at all chic, or believed himself to be, went down there in early July. During that month the club-houses were empty—just as they are now during the races at Deauville. That particular year I happened to remain in Paris, in a small suite of rooms. I was really enjoying myself fairly well, when one morning I was disturbed by a letter. The letter was a demand for money. Not one of those vulgar requests filled with recitals of misfortunes, invoking old remembrances and former devotion; no, it was short, precise, and to the point. 'I have not a sou left. Send me immediately three hundred francs to pay my hotel bill and my passage to France, so I can enlist in the army.'

"The note, horribly scribbled, was dated at Baden. As for the signature, it was impossible to read it. I studied it minutely, and searched my memory for a clew to the perpetrator of what seemed the worst scrawl I had ever seen. It was impossible to discover anything that gave me any light. Baden? I had three hundred friends at Baden. I felt, however, that it was 'absolutely necessary to discover the writer's name. For two days I could not get it out of my head. I handed the letter to every one I met, in the hope that some one would decipher it. It was useless; each person had a different opinion.

"You can imagine the agitation into which it threw me. At that time in my life I was weighed down with ideas. I thought it cowardly to refuse money to a comrade in distress. One is foolish when one is young! But what disheartened me most of all was the thought that perhaps this ignoble writer was a person for whom I had a genuine fondness.

"I telegraphed ten or twelve intimate friends at Baden. Not one was the author of the signature.

"Then I called on a few handwriting experts. One said the name was Casernier, without doubt—he would pledge his word in court to it; the second said he would defy any one to say it was not Lutinais—and he also would give his word in court; the third maintained it was not a signature, but a word—in his opinion it was 'Civilites.'

"Lutinais and Casernier were strangers to me. I went through the year book of the club; I reread my book of addresses, but discovered no clew. By that time I was in a fever over the thing. I was even getting a little daft on the subject. The obligation to an unknown friend did not interest any more than the problem of the name so tantalizingly hidden. On the third day I was seized by an inspiration so simple that it did not come to me until all the other combinations had failed. I wrote to Baden and asked for a list of all the Frenchman staying at the hotel indicated by my unfortunate scribe. I then intended to write to every man known to me in the place. That calmed me. And truly I had need of calmness, for I was in a wretched state of nervousness, feeling as if some fatal and mysterious thing were pursuing me.

"I went to bed early on the evening of the third day, and fell asleep at once.

"I must now tell you I had a weakness—I have it still, indeed—for a night lamp; I can not bear to find myself even for a moment in the dark.

The Voice and the Lamp

Translated From the French of J. Ricard
By Mabel H. Brown

ABOUT a fortnight ago I spent an afternoon with my friend Brignac, who owns a charming country seat not too suburban, and yet far enough from town to make the trip refreshing. A branch of the river Marne flows within a line's throw of the house, and while we awaited the time for drawing in the nets, we chatted pleasantly on the broad veranda, heavy with the odor of heliotropes.

A charming man, this Brignac! He was formerly an officer in the "guides," and has the pompous bearing of a soldier. His complexion is a bit florid, his eye alert; but his beard, long and fine, is as white as the drifted snow.

He was in existence—and had been for some time—when the empire was at the height of her glory, and he enjoyed all the privileges that she accorded her favorites. The republic, I dare say, appeared to him a miserable interloper that forced him to renounce the pleasures of that other world. But he managed to continue to amuse himself under M. Thiers, under McMahon—even under M. Grevy. It is indeed only a bare seven years since the gout saw fit to interfere with his enjoyment. Brignac was then—

But why disclose the age of a gallant man, whose friendship is proven, and whose cuisine is without second? He was advised to take the waters for his malady, and it was at one of the basins that he met an agreeable young English girl, tall, slender, and graceful. He was still good to look at; his fortune was large, hers small. The following winter the pretty English girl married the former officer of the "guides." They now have a child, and have settled down in domestic felicity; only Brignac has aged a good deal, and has become terribly serious. But I like the man. When I was extremely young, he gave me some very practical advice—the kind one never forgets. I take pleasure in being with him from time to time for an hour or two.

While we chatted, strolling the length of the veranda, I chanced to glance through a glass door, and saw Gaston, the young son of my host, sitting pensively at a table. He had let his pen roll under the table, and with eyes, which seemed to me full of melancholy reflection, was watching the antics of some swallows that were flying close to the lawn in pursuit of a horde of gnats. The beauty of the day made the room

seem a veritable prison in comparison. I turned to my friend. "How have you the courage to shut up the poor child on a day like this?" I asked.

Brignac smiled.

"When he learns to write he shall be set at liberty. He is only five years old, and is extremely bright, but it is absolutely necessary for him to learn to write—to write well. I insist upon it."

"Is it because you yourself write like a cat?"

"That is one reason. We ought to try to correct in our children faults that have been stumbling-blocks in our own path, and then—"

"My poor Brignac, I do not know whether it is be-

ABSENCE

BY DR. JOHN DONNE

*That time and absence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves.*

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance, and length;
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join and time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
His mind hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality;
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is present, Time doth tarry,

My senses want their outward motion,
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled by her secret notion;
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hiding more than handling treasure.

By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain;
There I embrace and kiss her,
And so enjoy her, and none miss her

The Mirror

"But that night—it is truly a singular thing, and one I am never able to recall without a queer sensation—that night I was awakened by a little sharp noise that broke through the deep silence. I have never known what made the noise. Perhaps it was the last flicker of the lamp, for I found myself in the dark.

"At first a feeling of fright took hold of me, but before I had time to rouse myself completely, I heard a voice—I did not think, but I positively *heard*. The result of a nervous disorder, you say? Well, no matter—I *heard* a voice which breathed in a husky whisper, very low, 'Jacques Lerminier!'

"My skin grew cold, and I started up. In an instant I was thoroughly awake. I sat upright, I lighted a candle and reread the letter from Baden. Why had I not deciphered it at once? It was perfectly evident.

"Lerminier was a youth of some promise, obliging, but a trifle foolish about some things, for whom I had formerly had a great attachment. I had lost sight of him, as one will, but needed merely a 'Do you remember?' to recall to my mind our old tender relations.

"Poor Jacques! That was the name we always

called him at the military school at Saint-Cyr. I promised myself that he should have a thousand francs—at once!"

"I looked at the clock. It was a little after midnight. I could do nothing definite until morning. But I wrote a letter immediately, excusing myself; I inclosed an order for the money, and sealed it. And while I was doing this, the memory of the voice I had heard kept recurring to me—the voice was exactly like Jacques' when he was under stress of deep emotion. Memory plays strange pranks on us sometimes. I kept asking myself how it was that I was roused from a deep slumber to thus recall the name and the voice of poor Jacques. Then I went to bed tranquil and satisfied, nor was I again disturbed during the night by whispers of names or anything else. In fact, I did not think of the matter again until the next day, when I received a dispatch from Baden. It told me that my registered letter had been returned to the post-office unclaimed. Poor Jacques had killed himself the evening before—at midnight—at the very moment when my night lamp extinguished itself with a sharp noise—very like a shot from a pistol."

Brignac coughed a little to clear his voice. "I insist absolutely that my son shall write a fine hand," he said with a smile of infinite sadness.

Good Figures for Women

By Christine Terhune Herrick

THERE is no excuse for a woman having a poor figure. It may give her some trouble to get a good one, but it is worth the effort.

Some women begin life without figures worthy the name. While they are young girls they are scraggy and flat, or lumpy and shapeless. These peculiarities do not lessen with age, and when to their natural drawbacks the owners add utter carelessness, it is no wonder if by the time they have reached middle age they are a trial to the eyes of their friends.

As a matter of course, it is easier to let oneself go and not take the pains that the care of the figure demands. But no woman with the least particle of vanity in her make up—and it is a very poor sort of woman who lacks it—can help feeling a thrill of pleasure when she beholds the improvement wrought in her appearance by a good corset, properly worn.

For the corset is the first essential in the making of the figure. A number of other things go with it. The woman must carry herself properly, but the corset helps her to do that. She must pay attention to her outer dress, and to this too, the corset will stimulate her. Her diet cannot be entirely neglected, if she wishes to have her form reduced from over stoutness or redeemed from ultra thinness, but with the corset as a foundation for her efforts she will be encouraged in the work of regulating her food.

Even in this day there are plenty of people who find nothing bad enough to say about the corset. I have seen one matron give way to tears while addressing a woman's club on the evils that have been wrought by corsets. And she was not a hysterical woman, either. She had known the corset as it was in earlier years, before common sense and science went to its making and she knew the harm it had done those who regarded it as an instrument for the compression of the waist into a smaller compass than Nature had intended it.

The new corset—the "straight front" with which fashion papers and comic columns have made every

one familiar—is built on a different plan. It does not squeeze a woman's organs out of shape, but holds them in place. As I have said before, it must be properly made and properly worn. The ideal corset is one that is made to order and adapted to the needs of the individual body, but for those who cannot afford this there are substitutes in plenty. A woman should seek until she finds what she wants.

The new corset increases the size of the waist line, thereby giving room for play of the lungs and diaphragm. There is no difficulty in deep breathing with the woman who wears a well made corset of the present style. That is, if she puts it on properly.

To do this she must loosen the laces. Gone are—or should be—the days when a woman kept her corset laced for days and weeks at a time. Now the woman loosens the laces at night and tightens them in the morning. When she puts on the corset it is so loose that it hangs upon her like a bag. She clasps the garters that are attached to the front, and, if she be of stout figure, to the sides, settles the corset down over the hips and abdomen, drawing a long deep breath after this is done, and then proceeds to tighten the laces. She does this carefully, drawing the lower ones first and then those above the belt line. Never must she make them too tight for comfort. As soon as she does this she injures her figure as well as her feelings. When the laces are tight enough, she should cross them in the back, bring them to the front, pass them under the garter on the left side and tie them there.

The great advantage of thus tightening the corset laces every day is that the figure can be humored. There are days when a woman feels that a tight corset is more than she can bear. Then she leaves the laces loose at first, and draws them up later in the day when she has reached the point where a little closer compression will be grateful to her.

I can hear the protests of busy women over the time it will take to go to this trouble. But it really

takes less time than one would think. At first, before one is accustomed to the process, it may require a few minutes more than one has been in the habit of granting to one's toilet, but as the habit grows upon one of lacing the corsets daily, it will be done more quickly and become a matter of course. And even if it does take a few minutes more, is not the game worth the candle? When one sees the good figures that have been evolved from shapeless forms by the use of a good corset, does it not seem that a little extra care is a very small price to pay for the gain?

The corset once on, the woman must proceed to live up to it. She will find that it helps her to keep her shoulders straight and her body erect. She must learn to poise herself properly, throwing her weight on the balls of her feet and resisting the temptation to sway backwards. That is a tendency which grows upon women as they advance in years and in flesh. If they do not "stand so straight that they lean the other way," they let their shoulders droop until their back is like a hump. All about the country one may see women in the late fifties who have bent their shoulders until they look almost as though they were deformed. This could have been spared them if they had taken a little pains early in life. And even an elderly woman can do much to correct such a stoop if she is willing to give herself trouble about it.

To stand straight is neither to bend backwards nor to droop forwards. The prominent abdomen is as unsightly as the humped shoulders. The woman with a trend towards either should exercise herself every day standing in front of a mirror. She is wise if she follows the advice of one sensible housekeeper and hangs a looking glass in her kitchen where she can see herself as she steps back and forth about her work and bring herself up with a round turn if she slips into any slovenly trick of carriage.

The corset will give a good figure for a time, but a woman must work to keep it. If she is too thin for beauty the task will be simpler for her than for the woman inclined to put on flesh. The latter has her work ahead of her. The thin woman may have to take exercise, as the stout one must do, but she has less to carry about with her while she is doing it. For both it is essential that exercise should be taken indoor and out. The latter is vastly preferable, for obvious reasons. But the exercise indoors is far better than nothing.

One woman who would be called old if her years were known has never, for fifteen years, failed to go through a certain course of what she calls her "gymnastics" on rising in the morning. For ten minutes daily she bends and twists her body, stooping until she sits on her heels and rising without laying hold of anything to assist her. She leans forward until she can touch the floor with her finger tips, without bending the knees, and backward until her forehead is in contact with the wall. She swings her arms about, kicks the air vigorously and in every way she can brings all her muscles into play. As a result of this she is as brisk and agile as women many years her junior and asserts that she never means to grow old but to keep her strength and vigor to the end. As she probably will.

When such exercises as this are taken it should be with the window open, even in cold weather. There is no use in inflating the lungs unless you fill them with fresh air. For this reason, as well as for many others, out-door exercise is preferable to that taken in a gymnasium, no matter how well equipped this may be. At the best, it is only a substitute. Long walks, horseback rides, bicycle spins, golf or tennis, all do their share in developing the muscles, reducing adipose tissue or strengthening the body to gain

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flesh. One at least of these is needed to keep the figure in shape, or failing this, one must follow the exercises I have outlined. These may be aided by such appliances as a lifting machine, dumb-bells, Indian clubs and the like. Because of the many muscles brought into play by it, ping-pong is one of the best house games known. It encourages bending and stooping and reaching and stretching, and by all these means develops and improves the figure.

But, says some one, "How can this be done in the long, straight front corset pictured everywhere?" It cannot. But there are corsets which come to be worn on such occasions. The ribbon girdle corset, made either in heavy satin ribbon or in wide tape, or the short equestrian corset is adapted to all sorts of vigorous exercise. It is also excellent for the women who do a good deal of housework which requires bending over and stooping. While it does not hold in the over-plump figure as a heavier, longer corset would do, it is far better to yield a little restriction than to break corset steels and suffer discomfort at the same time.

A woman can never allow herself to become careless about her corset. Having gone to the expense and pains of procuring one and learning how to wear it she should not let the gain slip away from her. When her corset becomes old and out of shape she should have it re-boned, as it is worth while to do with a good corset. Never should she relax her vigilance over her figure and her way of carrying herself. Perhaps for a while it will seem a great deal of a burden, but after a time the well carried form, with the back straight, the head up, the shoulders properly poised, will become instinctive, so that the trouble would be to bear herself in the wrong way.

It is a woman's duty to keep her good looks as long as she can and a good figure is a most important part of them. A pretty face is all very well—there are few women who would not be willing to yield a virtue or two to possess a charming countenance,—but it loses a great deal if it is set on top of a badly cared for, badly carried figure. When a woman gets toward the point where youthful charms are forsaking her, it is a boon to her and to those about her if she has a well made, well borne form. And the possession of this is within her own power.

Fair Rosamond's Farewell

BOW down once more, and kiss me on the mouth.
I must arise and go into the south,
While yet the swallow lingers in the south;
Bow down, O love, and kiss me on the mouth.

Nor tears, nor prayers, nor love, nor lover's vow,
Can stay the spirit on the portal now;
A mightier monarch's hand is on my brow;
Yet ere I rise and go into the south,
Bow down, my king, and kiss me on the mouth.

Lo! they have spoken evil words and said:
"Go let her hide her shameful, wanton head."
Nor will they grieve for me when I am dead,
Yet ere I rise and go into the south,
Bow down, my love, and kiss me on the mouth.

Dear, let them speak—it will not hurt me there,
Nor will their sharp words make our love less fair,
Wonderful, excellent, beyond compare
Of aught that lies between us and the south;
Bow down, my king, and kiss me on the mouth.

They have not loved! Surely their hearts are small.
This is not love which fears to stand or fall—
For love regardeth not herself at all,
So ere I rise and go into the south,
Bow down thy head and kiss me on the mouth.

Dear, I can die for thee! Exceeding well
To die for thee, O love! Though cruel hell
Gape for my soul! Hist, that's the curfew bell,
And we must part before we meet i' the south,
Yet kiss me, dear, once more upon the mouth.

And hear me speak one word before I go,
Even if the cool and healing waters flow
Far from the road that leads me to the south;
I am not sorry that I loved you so,
Then kiss me, dear, once more upon the mouth.

ABOUT ANGELS

BY W. M. R.

IN New York an attempt has been made to find out what's the matter with the drama. They've found it. The "angel" is the matter. The "angel" is the man who has money and a sweetheart who thinks she is an actress. He gives her the money and tells her to go out and "elevate the stage." She takes the money and has a piece written for her. Then she takes more money and has a theater rented for her. Then friends of the "angel" or of the sweetheart see that the press heralds a new star. Then the new star makes her appearance with a great blow and then the public recognizes it has been bilked, but only to be bilked again when some other sweetheart finds another "angel." Now, as for me, I don't see what's the use of a fuss over this. Sweethearts are not going out of fashion, and that being so, who would wish that "angels" should become obsolete? Furthermore, it is not plain that the explanation is one that explains. All the dramas are not written to order for "angels" sweethearts. Many bad dramas are put on without "angels." There is no angelicism about the Theatrical Syndicate, yet the syndicate doesn't find good plays, neither has the syndicate sweethearts. I'm sure that the world can better get along without stage plays than without sweethearts, and sweethearts can't get along without "angels;" therefore let the "angels" flourish and let drama go hang!

◆◆◆◆◆

Rimes at Different Times

1898 { Teddy,
Rough and Ready.

1901 { Teddy,
Strong and Steady.

1903-4 { Teddy,
Hot and Heady.

—New York Life.

NEW BOOKS

The poems of the late Ralph Erwin Gibbs, edited by Charles Mills Gayley, have just issued in a handsome volume from the press of Paul Elder & Co., of San Francisco. The title is "Songs of Content." The various poems were collected and published under the auspices of the English Club of the University of California, among whose members the poet numbered none but friends. The volume contains more than 300 poems, the majority of which bear the stamp of real poetry, and are destined to more than temporary fame. They are of the stuff that engages the sympathies of men for the note that tends to enhance joy and lighten sorrow. The keynote of the work, the poet's creed appears in the line

"The prize

Is his who smiles content when Life is Done."

Frank H. Spearman, whose short story and magazine articles are well known to readers, is the author of a story, "The End of the Day," recently issued from the press of D. Appleton & Co., of New York. It is a story of the stage, touching the lives of an actress and a man of wealth. It has a charm of human interest which will, no doubt, give it somewhat of a vogue.

A clever little skit is "Winning Him Back," by Anita Vivanti Chartres, author of "The Hunt for Happiness." The story is a brief domestic comedy. It relates the efforts of a young wife to win back the affections of her husband, who really adores her, but who she thinks has learned to admire another. She is aided by an airy French girl who appears as arch plotter. All their schemes to excite the husband's jealousy fail, but unconsciously the miserable wife creates a situation which opens her husband's eyes and leads to a ludicrous climax. "Winning Him Back" is a relief for the reader who has been devouring the more serious books. It is a bracing treat, with its clean, spontaneous humor, and it is certain of a lasting vogue. The volume is from the press of the Smart

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Hubbard at the Fine Arts
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Wednesday Evening,
March Second, at Eight
o'clock. "Subject: Soc-
rates, the Philosopher."

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Piano Co., 1120 Olive Street.

Set Publishing Company of New York.
The price per copy is \$1.

"Mosaic Essays" is the title given to a series of uniquely but separately printed literary Easter novelties, from the press of Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. The essays are gems of thought from the works of many masters in the world of letters and science. The subjects under which they are classed are "Success," "Friendship," "Happiness" and "Nature." The prices vary according to the quality of the issue, from 10 cents to \$1.25 for each of the four essays.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's popular novel, "The House of the Seven Gables," in new pocket library size, has just been issued from the press of John Love of New York. It is neatly printed and bound. In cloth the price is 50 cents; in leather, is 75 cents.

"The Man Who Pleases and the Woman Who Charms," a little volume from the press of Hinds & Noble, New York, contains much interesting psychological study. The author is John A. Cone, who has evidently been a close observer of both sexes in the work-a-day life. There is much that is original in the work, although the author modestly asserts that he is more of a compiler than a creator. Few persons can read this little book without being struck by the truthfulness of its revelations of human character. The price of the volume is 75 cents postpaid.

ANOTHER MARCONI TRIUMPH

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America has taken another progressive step, which will increase the value of their stock. They have made arrangements with the Western Union Telegraph Company by which the latter will undertake on and after March 1 next the collection and distribution of messages for the marine service of the Marconi Company, which now includes all the leading steamship lines of the world, as well as the navies. The Marconi Company has long had a similar arrangement with the Postal Telegraph Company, so that now its service may be said to be complete in every detail and its connections with all outgoing and incoming steamships perfect. Persons having relatives or friends and shippers having valuable cargoes on the ocean are thus enabled to keep in communication with the ships bearing them until they arrive at their destinations. These messages may be sent from any station of the Postal or Western Union Companies in this country or Canada. It will be a great relief to the families of tourists and to importers to be thus enabled to reach steamships at any point on the ocean.

Easy money. \$5,000 for ten cents.
Smoke up. Ask your cigar dealer.

Mrs. Meenguy—John! The baby has swallowed a penny! What on earth shall I do? Mr. Meenguy—Oh, well, let him have it. Next Thursday is his birthday, anyway.—Chicago Daily News.

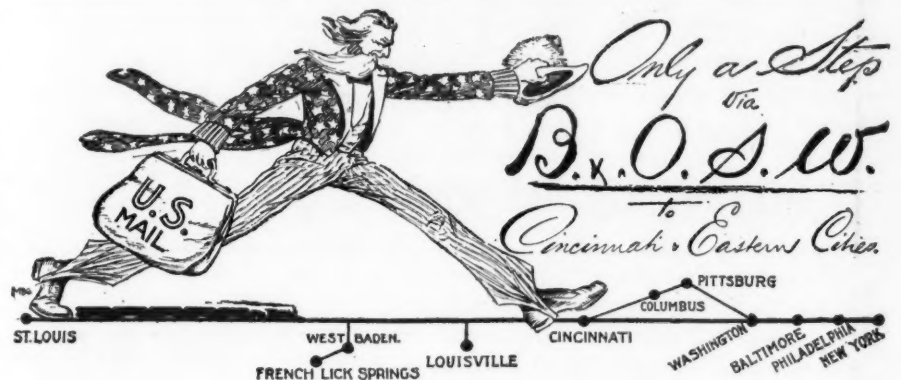
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PRETTY CLAIRE

Here lies she they loved the best,
Pretty Claire;
Restless ever, now at rest,
Still so fair!
Passed as would an April day,
Cloud and sunshine—grave and gay—
Silent there.
What will your three lovers say,
Pretty Claire?

"I," said he who called her wife,
"I who knew
All the flower of her life
And the dew—
Not the bud's faint tenderness,
Nor the fading leaves' caress—
Claire, from you
I will take one long black tress,
Shining blue."

"I," said he who loved her last,
"I will take,
Now all love is overpast,
For her sake
From her finger this one ring
That I put there in the spring"—
Thus he spake—
"Wearing it, remembering,
Till she wake."

Then your early lover cried,
Pretty Claire,
Him you flung long since aside,
(Did you care?)
"I, who loved you first, was true
Always, what have I to do,
Ring or hair?"

I take this kiss and death with you,
Pretty Claire!"
—Reginald Wright Kauffman, in the
March Reader.

PARSIFAL BLUE IS NEW COLOR

At last "Parsifal" has served its purpose to womankind. Parsifal blue is the newest color for spring and summer wear. This is a grayish blue, and is suggested by the robes worn by the Knights of the Holy Grail. It is a delicate tint, and will be becoming to most women. In the last act Parsifal wears one of these gray-blue mantles, and all the knights are arrayed in raiment of the same color. In the opera these robes are embroidered with silver. All the silk mills are turning out bolts of Parsifal blue. These new weaves, such as peau de soie, peau de cygne, louisine and various crepes, look wonderfully well in this new blue color. By the way, blue has reached its zenith and is the color of the moment. Only a few Parsifal blue gowns have been seen in public, and there is the chance that this shade may become the rage.—New York Press.

"At what age do you consider women the most charming?" asked the inquisitive female of more or less uncertain years.

"The age of the woman who asks the question," answered the man, who was a diplomat from Diplomacyville.—Chicago News.

Take a Trip To Texas

\$10 for one way

\$15 for round trip

Tuesday, March 1.

The rates apply to all points east of and including Amarillo, Quanah, Vernon, Brownwood, Brady, San Angelo, San Antonio, Houston, Galveston, Corpus Christi, Rockport, Alice, Kerrville.

Admittedly, the best opportunities for "getting on" are now to be found in the Southwest—in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas. Men of keen business perception, of far insight, men who are quick to see the money in a proposition, are going into the Southwest for business opportunity, for investment.

Apart from matter-of-fact business considerations the Southwest offers many attractions as a place to live. The cost of living is one-half, climate is more agreeable the year round. Winters are short, mild, spring comes early.

Just now South Texans are eating home-grown strawberries. Violets are in bloom, garden is made, and within a fortnight tables will be supplied from the truck patch.

A good route to Texas is the Cotton Belt. It takes you through the garden spot of Missouri, the rich bottom lands of Arkansas and the famous orchard and truck country of Eastern Texas.

It is a pleasure to furnish inquirers with full information about tickets, routes, time of trains and maps, literature, etc. Call at 909 Olive Street, or address



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Cotton Belt trains leave St. Louis Union Station daily, at 8:56 a. m. and 9:45 p. m., carry through Texas chair cars and sleepers, and parlor cafe cars.

SOCIETY

The handsomest woman at the Japanese reception at the Women's Club last week, in an assembly of more than three hundred of her sex, was Mrs. Julius D. Walsh. She is grande dame from the tip of her small patent leathers to the crown of her shapely, finely poised head. Her gown was of rich, jetted black lace, and the décolleté bodice left bare an exquisite throat and shoulders that were as chiseled in marble. Mrs. Walsh was one of the youngest looking matrons in that crowd of good-looking women. Thirty-five years is about all one would set down to her credit.

Her daughter, Miss Josephine Walsh, will not be married till June. Her fiancé, Capt. Bates, U. S. A., is now stationed at Fort Bayard in the West. He will be unable to secure more than a short furlough to come to St. Louis for his bride in the month of roses.

Another striking beauty at this reception was Mme. Zeggio, wife of the Royal Commissioner of Italy to the World's Fair. M. and Mme. Zeggio have just arrived from Florence, coming by way of Paris, where the stately Mme. Zeggio secured the elegant robe which she wore upon her first public appearance in St. Louis.

Among the young set of girls Miss Elsa Meier, of New York, who is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Theodore G. Meier, was one of the belles, if not the belle, of the occasion. She, too, is tall and willowy, with abundant dark hair and an exceedingly high-bred, intelligent face. She is greatly admired by society, which considers her a charming acquisition.

The present outlook for many smart Easter weddings is exceedingly slim. A few that were expected to come off Easter week have been postponed, one or two even as late as next fall. It seems there is disinclination to settle down to blissful matrimonial life before the

World's Fair. The debutantes, launched into society in the past two months, look forward eagerly to the jollities of the Fair. All the beaux are treated with complaisance, but none with that subtle distinction that breeds rumors of an engagement. To pull as many "beau" strings as possible seems to be the sole aim of this smart young set, and to let matrimonial tangles wait till after the Fair is over.

The fashion of giving cosy small dinner parties at swell restaurants or clubs is about the only social amenity indulged in by the exclusives just now. Some of the smartest people have cut out the theater altogether during Lent. One hears of fewer card parties than in former years, as a means to while away the penitential days. Fashionable housekeepers are busy getting their homes in readiness for their Fair visitors, and the debutantes are engaged in "reading up," judging from the crowds of them that gather around the desk at the Mercantile Library. A small set of well known St. Louisans are in the South or the California resorts.

Mrs. Murray Carleton and her children are at Miami, Fla. At Palm Beach are Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Birge, and the N. A. McMillans. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Day are at Miami, and Mr. E. C. Simmons and his niece, Miss Lizzie Glenn, are going about from place to place between Miami and Palm Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bond Lambert are now in Paris, where they will remain till June. They will entertain during their stay there Miss Lilly Lambert, who sails in a few days with Miss Jeanette Morton and Miss Nellie Richards for a sojourn on the other side.

Mrs. Ashley D. Scott is going abroad with her daughter, Isabel, who is to have a six months' trip through Europe, before her formal launching into society next fall.

Meanwhile the brides of early winter are returning from their wedding journeys, and those who followed their husbands to other cities, are visiting their parents in St. Louis. Among the latter is Mrs. Alfert Wright Collier, of Atlanta, Ga., who was Emily Grant. She is at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. John Grant.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris and her daughter, Rosemary, will leave for the Southern resorts early in March, returning to St. Louis for the opening of the World's Fair.

The country clubs about St. Louis are showing signs of early activity, all on account of the World's Fair, for it is at these hospitable resorts that members will put up and entertain many of their visitors.

At the fashionable Glen Echo Capt. George S. McGrew is preparing for the large golf tournament, which will be one of the features of the Fair.

Miss Nellie Crouch and Miss Grace Moon, who had gone South for the Mardi Gras festivities, returned home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Clifford will go to New Orleans next week, and from there to the Florida resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison B. Moore are in Colorado Springs, Colo. They will return to the city next week to take the

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John W. Loader house in Lindell boulevard during the Fair.

Mrs. Walter B. Stevens is entertaining her niece, Miss Wilmouth, of Lawrence, Kan. Miss Wilmouth will remain with Mrs. Stevens till the opening of the Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch, Miss Minnie Busch and their guest, Miss Kluehn, will leave next week for California in Mr. Busch's private car, the Adolphus. The trip is made for Miss Kluehn, who will sail with the Busches in June for Germany.

Miss Judith Hoblitzelle will give a tea on Friday for Miss Brooks, of New York, who is the guest of Mrs. Frank Hamilton. Miss Hoblitzelle's guests will be a coterie of the smart debutantes of the season.

Mrs. Frank Hamilton has sent out invitations for a dinner on Thursday, at which Miss Brooks will be the guest of honor.

Mrs. Charles F. Joy, wife of ex-Congressman Joy, who has been ill with typhoid malaria at the Hotel Washington, is convalescent, and expects to leave on Monday for the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mesker and Mrs. August Gehner and Mr. Al. Gehner, of this city, were among the well known Americans who recently visited Havana and other Cuban places of interest. The party started for home on Friday, February 12, after an enjoyable visit.

Grand Avenue Hotel Bakery and Confectionery, Grand and Olive, most popular transfer corner in town. While waiting for your car, supply yourself at headquarters of finest confections, cakes, rolls and all kinds of bread. Agents for the original Allegetti chocolate creams.

If you are going to California, get some literature that will tell you all about the places of interest, hotels, etc. Call on or write to J. H. Lothrop, General Agent, Southern Pacific, 903 Olive St., St. Louis.

eral Agent, Southern Pacific, 903 Olive St., St. Louis.



Pickett—That fellow Spriggs is always on his uppers, yet he is always happy. Wickett—Well, you see, his uppers are from Swope's, and anybody can be happy in possession of them. Swope's shoes are the best. The store is 311 N. Broadway.



MUSIC

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD.

She has attained that phosphoric position for which every man, woman and child of the histrion's profession pines. She is a "star." And to be a fixed planet in the theatrical constellation is to be even of greater importance than the vehicle used for the elevation and exploitation of the luminary in this astral position.

The type which proclaims the advent of Grace Van Studdiford, is several sizes larger than that used to herald the name of the opera, which is "Red Feather," and the names of the makers thereof, who are Charles Klein and Reginald De Koven. Even were it not that the ethics of theatredom demand it, in Grace Van Studdiford's case, merit would justify this illumination: the singer is infinitely superior to the song. In fact, so bad is "Red Feather" that were it not for the personal charm and extraordinary vocal ability of the "star," who mitigates the horrors of the book and the baldness of the music, this concoction would be unbearable.

After an arid space in the score, decidedly trying to one's patience, the brilliant singer flashes on her audience late in the first act, her coming being announced by much bustle on the stage, and precursory snatches of song from the wings, of a quality that awakens anticipatory pleasure. Mrs. Van Studdiford in the modish garb of *Hilda*, Countess Von Draga, sings as her opening number the song of *Red Feather*. Here she was brilliant, dashing and mettlesome, ending with a prodigious upper B flat, electrical in effect, which she supplemented, after the second encore, with a phenomenal E flat—one and a half tones above that pinnacle of prima donna aspiration, the top C. This thrilling singing redeemed De Koven's melodic and rhythmic triteness, and fully justified the almost frantic demonstration, that followed it on the opening night, which amounted to an ovation such as the Century Theater has never before known.

The star was next heard in duet with the tenor, in which she overly asserted her dazzling voice, which, arrogant with puissance, completely and mercilessly extinguished its intended harmonic companion. This tenor, too, George Tallman by name, was uncommonly good, and, improved the slight opportunities allowed him by proving possession to a clear, agreeable voice, distinction of style, and histrionic powers that make him almost an anomaly as an operatic tenor; which, together with a fine stage presence, make this tenor—new to Western audiences—a most striking and welcome figure in light operadom.

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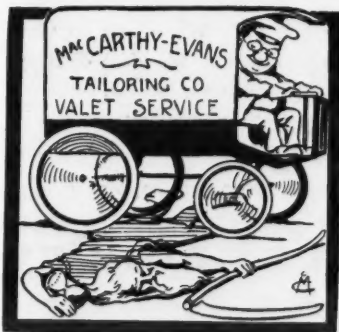
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Why not let us send one of our two new Valet Service Automobiles after your to-be-pressed duds once per week?

'Twill cost you but \$2 per month—add \$24 to your yearly expenses—add \$100 to the durability and appearance of your clothing.

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Every "Reutner" Piano is guaranteed for 10 years, and with reasonable care will last a life-time. There are four styles of cases to select from.

Our Rent Purchase Plan

You may select an instrument, make a small payment, and have it sent to your home, paying the balance a little each month. If not ready to buy now, rent a "Reutner," and in a few months when you are convinced it is all we claim it to be, you can buy on our easy payment plan and have all the rent paid credited on the purchase.

Bollman Bros. Piano Co.

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Your old piano taken in exchange.

yet forceful and convincing little poem by Charlotte Becker, a fine, colorful setting, and has written a song at once meritorious and effective. Harmonically, it is modern to a degree, and its refreshing melodic unconventionality is seemingly a spontaneous inspiration.

The song was fittingly and enthusiastically interpreted by Mrs. Gettrust, who has a rich mezzo soprano voice, and sings with sympathy and artistic finish.

Pierre Marteau.

NOW IS THE TIME TO VISIT HOT SPRINGS, ARK., VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

The season at the great National Health and Pleasure Resort is now in full blast. Climate unsurpassed. Hot Springs Special leaves St. Louis daily at 8:20 p. m., making the run in less than twelve hours. Three other fast trains daily. Handsome descriptive literature can be obtained free by calling on, or addressing our City Ticket Agent, S. E. Cor. 6th and Olive Sts., St. Louis.

A small fortune—\$5,000—a fine smoke. All for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

THE OYSTER MAN'S DOZEN

"You have heard, no doubt, of the 'baker's dozen' and understand it to be thirteen, instead of twelve," said the man behind the oyster counter in a St. Charles street place. "Well, the oyster men in New Orleans, and maybe elsewhere, so far as I know, have been forced to change the number which stands for a dozen, and here we have been forced to go beyond the limit fixed in the baker's trade. Time was when thirteen would answer our purpose. One for lagniappe was sufficient. But we have been forced to abandon the baker's standard for a dozen. Our customers began to complain that they were not getting a full dozen; that they 'only got twelve,' as they put it in making the complaint. How did it happen? It was easily explained from the way we looked at it, and, judging from the absence of complaint since we adopted the system now in vogue, we made no mistake in the matter. You see, the servant, understanding that the man who dished the oysters out would always put an extra in when an actual dozen had been counted, would take one out for every dozen bought, and eat it. The result was that the customers did not get the benefit of the oyster man's generosity and complaints began to come in of short measure. The custom of giving thirteen oysters, instead of twelve, as a dozen had existed so long and had become so much a part of the system of trading here that we could do nothing but meet the complaint in whatever way was open for us to meet it. There was but one way to do it, and that was by increasing the number of oysters counted as a dozen. So we have raised the baker's dozen from thirteen to fourteen, and sometimes fifteen, much depending on the oyster appetite of the servant who calls for them. It was a change we had to make. Of course, we could not explain to our customers just how it happened that they had been getting short measure, for we did not care to injure the reputations of servants where one or two oysters were involved. Besides, it was a thing we could not swear to, as we did not see it when it happened. It was merely a theory, but a correct theory from the way we look at it. Still we don't mind so long as we are not constantly forced to increase the number of oysters constituting a dozen until we reach the 'no profit' limit."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Prosecuting attorney—"Was the prisoner in the habit of singing when he was alone?" Pat McGuire (witness)—"Shure, an' I can't say. Oi was niver with him when he was alone."—*Chicago Journal*.

"What distinguished foreigner aided the Americans in the Revolution?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class. "God," promptly answered a small pupil who had been to Sunday-school.—*New York Sun*.

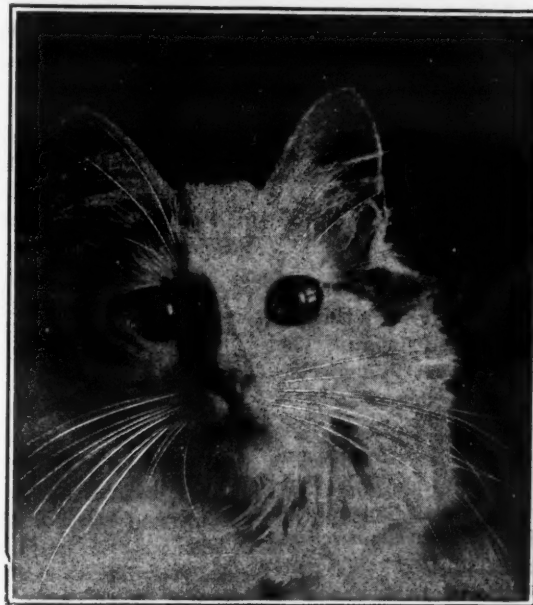
"I never saw such an exclusive family." "That's easily explained." "How?" "They've cut loose from the society they had, and they can't get into the society they seek."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

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NOT IN A TRUST.

Magistrate (sternly)—"Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again?"

Prisoner—"Yes, sir, but I couldn't make the policemen believe it."

His line: *Master of House* (to applying butler)—"Can you open a beer bottle neatly?" Applicant—"Um, not so very, sir. You see, I've lived mostly in champagne families."—*Chicago News*.

NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS.

The Deliverance, Glasgow; My Friend Prospero, Harland; Steps in the Expansion of Our Territory, Austin; What's the Odds? Ullman; A Little Garrison, Bilse; Mr. Salt, Payne; The Millionaire's Son, Brown; Personalia, Sigma; Mississippi Argonauts, Carter; The Forest: White. Also a fine assortment of dainty gift books at

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Mahogany Chiffonier	125.00	85.00
Mahogany 3-piece Suite	125.00	100.00
Mahogany 2-piece Suite	170.00	98.00

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	Original Price	Sales Price
Mahogany 3-piece Suite	\$125.00	\$95.00
Mahogany 3-piece Suite	100.00	67.50
Mahogany finish 3-piece Suite	90.00	71.00
Mahogany 4-piece Suite	125.00	86.00
Mahogany 2-piece Suite	110.00	85.00
Oak Arm Chair	45.00	35.00
Mahogany Arm Chair	45.00	36.50
Weathered Leather Suite	140.00	90.00
Fire Screen	20.00	9.00

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Weathered Oak Flag Chair..	\$22.00	\$14.75
Weathered Oak Spanish		
Leather Chair	18.00	10.00
Weathered Oak Leather		
Rocker	15.00	9.75
Golden Oak Rocker	12.00	7.50
Mahogany Finish Leather		
Rocker	13.00	7.75
Mahogany Flag Seat Rocker	18.00	9.00
Mahogany Finish Leather		
Rocker	14.00	7.50

SEE OUR WINDOWS FOR FURNITURE BARGAINS

DRAMATIC

A splendid colonial play is Victor Mapes' "Captain Barrington," in which Charles Richman is appearing at the Grand Opera House this week. Mr. Richman sustains the dual part of *Captain Barrington*, a loyal follower of George Washington, and his twin brother, *Lieutenant Fielding*, a rabid Britisher. The brothers were cast adrift in childhood, and know nothing of each other's existence. Both are engaged in the attempted capture of Washington, one on the English side and the other for the purpose of rescuing the Father of the Country. Naturally the matinee girl finds her idol in Mr. Richman's portrayal of the two parts, for what could appeal more to the feminine sense of adventure than an inextricable mixing of love and patriotic alliances. The play is saturated with the revolutionary spirit, with the tension running high throughout. It is melodramatic tension at that, of the best quality. Mr. Richman's versatility keeps the two characters of *Barrington* and *Fielding* at a goodly distance, in spite of the fraternal resemblance. Susan Sheldon, as the heroine and bride, is delightful. Her voice is especially insinuating and charming. Miss Sheldon, by the way, was the *Huguette* of Mr. Sothern's "If I Were King." The company supporting Mr. Richman is exceedingly well fitted to the characters, even the smaller roles being capably enacted.

William H. Crane's biggest success, "David Harum," is booked at the Grand Opera House next week, with William H. Turner in the title part.

To-night at the German Theater of the Odeon Mrs. Victoria Welb-Markham will have here benefit with Sudermann's "Die Schmetterlings-schlacht." (The Massacre of the Butterflies.) It is one of the earliest of Sudermann's problem plays, setting forth social con-

ditions with the vigor and broadness which characterize all his later works. In St. Louis "Die Schmetterlings-schlacht" is almost a novelty. It has only been produced once, and that many years ago. With a cast such as the beneficiary has selected, it will be a sensation. Mrs. Welb will appear as *Frau Hergentheim*, the mother of three daughters, whose life episode forms the basis of the play. Mrs. Welb is the most versatile character woman the German stage has ever had in St. Louis. She is strongest, however, in just such delineations as that which Sudermann has laid down in the *Frau Hergentheim* of his drama.

Next Sunday night there will be a revival of "In Weissen Roessl," that delightful Blumenthal and Kadelburg comedy, which is in English one of the best drawing pieces, and steadfastly maintains itself on the German stage as a prime attraction.

"Yon Yonson," the attraction at the Imperial Theater this week, is one of those peculiar plays, which obtain a fresh lease of life with every season. It is, of course, a strenuous melodrama, with thrills and throbs in every scene. The story concerns itself with a lumber camp, and the *piece de resistance* is the "log jam," which appears as dangerous on the stage as faithful craft can make it. Residents of Minnesota and Michigan, who are familiar with the lumber camp scenes of these States assert that this "log jam" scene is the most daring piece of realism they have ever seen. The story of the play is well worked out, although the climaxes follow each other rapidly. Next week Manager Russell has booked at his house another favorite, "The Romance of Coon Hollow."

The Bohemian Burlesquers are playing a return engagement at the Standard Theater. Numerous popular vaudeville favorites are in the cast of

the musical travesty. Harvey Parker, the wrestler, will be seen at every performance. He is open to all comers, and a purse of \$25 will be given to any one who can throw him in fifteen minutes. The Fay Foster Company will be the next attraction at the Standard Theater.

The next band concert at the Odeon will be given by Noel Poepping and his band of sixty-five, called the American. The date is set for Tuesday night, March 1st. The programme was set for March 1st. The programme will be reminiscent of several of the delightful two-steps which Mr. Poepping has composed this season for the delectation of the smart debutantes, which have had their coming-out dances this winter. The most pretentious number will be the new hymn, "America," composed by Mr. Charles Clafin Allen. It will be heard for the first time at this concert. Miss Nellie Widman, soprano, and Signor Anton Sarli, clarinetist, will be the soloists at this concert.

WHY SHE WAS THANKFUL

A camp-meeting was in progress in the wire grass region of Georgia. The afternoon service was conducted by Uncle Mose Bradford, an exhorter of deep piety, but entirely innocent of book learning. He took for his text on this occasion the words of St. Paul: "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." After talking about fifteen minutes on the beauty of contentment from a Christian's point of view, he suddenly announced that he was going to "throw the meeting open." His invitation was: "If you've got anything to be thankful for, git up and say so." One after another rose and spoke of peace and contentment under circumstances that seemed impossible, judged from a worldly standpoint. Some said they were thankful for things they had missed, and at last an old lady arose, pushed back her sunbonnet and with a

beaming countenance, triumphantly exclaimed: "Well, Brother Mose, I hain't got but two teeth, but, thank God, they hit!"

"Well, Snowball," said the patron to the dusky waiter, "how did you ever come by a name like that?" "Well, sah, I was born in Chicago. Reckon yer never seed a Chicago snowball, sah!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A \$5,000 cigar for ten cents may mean \$5,000 in gold for you. Ask your dealer.

Mistress—"Did you tell those ladies at the door that I was out, as I told you?"

New Servant—"Yis, mum."

Mistress—"Did they seem disappointed?"

New Servant—"Yis, mum. Wan av thim sed: 'How forchunit!'"—*Chicago Daily News*.

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POLITICS

LOOKING FORWARD TO CREDENTIALS.

There is some prospect that the rebellion against the Democratic State Committee's decision on the method of selecting State delegates may cause the gubernatorial question to become a secondary issue among the delegates from the districts affected. The other sections of the State involved have been looking to the Jackson County men for their cue and are expected to follow their lead. A prominent Jackson County Democrat who is a member of the County Committee and anti-Reed man, declares that the county Democrats will hold a primary and will go to the State Convention, forty strong, prepared to make a deal for credentials with any of the other gubernatorial candidates then in the field. In this he thinks they will be successful, since votes will be needed by all of them. He thinks that by offering their support to either Messrs. Hawes, Gantt or Folk, they could secure seats in the convention and damage Mayor Reed's candidacy irretrievably. Other legislative districts in the State, he thinks, may do the same thing in order to oust their committeemen. There is scarcely any doubt that the convention will be the scene of considerable strife over the question of right of representation, and it may be that the gubernatorial candidate who has the longest string of votes before the convention will thus be enabled to acquire a lead that will be impossible to overcome.

OUT FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

The Lieutenant Governorship has attracted another new candidate. If all reports are true, ex-Senator W. S. McClintock of Marion County is in the race for the Democratic nomination and intends to make a red-hot campaign. There are three other Democrats seeking the office—the present incumbent, Senator T. L. Rubey of Macon County, Judge William E. Fowler of Clay County, and W. D. Ford of Taney County. All have a strong following in the State. Ex-Senator McClintock was president pro tem. of the Senate during Governor Stephens' term and is familiar with the ropes. His attitude toward the other candidates for State offices is not known, but it is said he has not as yet any choice, at least for the Governorship. Lieutenant Governor Rubey, however, has cast his lot with the Folk forces and is directing criticism toward the State Committee. It is claimed that Rubey is the choice of the Folk men for the place he now holds. Judge Fowler's campaign for the office has startled the natives. He has been all over the State and his speeches have attracted much attention. Mr. Ford has as yet not been heard from on the stump.

SENATE AND HOUSE CANDIDATES.

Among the new candidates for senatorial honors in their respective districts are Judge J. L. McCullough of Stanberry, Gentry County; J. M. Atkinson of Ripley, and E. L. Abington of Butler County; George W. Humphrey of Shelbyville, and Joseph J. Rieger of Kirksville; and John E. Marshall of New Madrid County. For the lower branch of the Assembly, James E.

Decker of Greene County is a new candidate in the Second District. A. E. McGlashan and J. J. Cope, of Salem, may also seek the nomination for Representative.

REPUBLICAN CHAIRMANSHIP.

Dr. J. C. Parrish of Vandalia and John A. Snider of Scott County are making active campaigns for the chairmanship of the Republican State Committee. Both have received indorsements in different sections of the State and are looking ahead to the Kansas City gathering of their party with considerable hope of obtaining further support.

AFTER CONGRESSIONAL HONORS.

Hugh McIndoe, the State Senator, has a "hunch" that a Republican may win in the race for Congress in the Fifteenth District, which Congressman Benton now represents. The Democrats of the district are split at present into Phelps and Barbee factions, and the prolonging of the committee dispute on the primary issue has given Senator McIndoe courage to attempt the race. Democrats think Benton will be renominated, despite the factional disturbances. In the Seventh District another Republican has taken the field. John Welborn of Lexington will contest with Attorney Brunjes for the nomination. Dr. R. A. Sparks seems to have little opposition for the Republican congressional nomination in his district. The Scott County Committee recently indorsed his candidacy and others are expected to give him support.

AFTER JUDGESHIPS.

Mr. R. A. Bruere, a prominent attorney of Gasconade County, has decided not to attempt to don the senatorial toga this coming term, but will be a candidate for the Republican judicial nomination in the Thirty-second District, now presided over by Judge W. A. Davidson of Linn. R. Steel Ryors of Osage County is also a candidate, and as the district is strongly Republican, the two candidates are not expecting to have the field to themselves. The district is new. It formerly was combined with St. Louis County, which now forms one circuit. In the latter Judge J. W. McElhinney is said to be without opposition. It is conceded that he should be permitted to succeed himself.

JUDGE HAZEL'S PLANS.

Circuit Judge Hazel of California, who a few weeks ago was looked upon as a possible opponent of Congressman Shackelford, and who has also been mentioned as a candidate for the Supreme Court vacancy, has set at rest all reports and disappointed a number of his friends by deciding to seek renomination for the six-year term on the circuit bench in his district. It is extremely doubtful now that there will be any opposition to "Old Shack" in the Democratic congressional convention.

TUBBS FOR LEGISLATURE.

Dr. Alonzo Tubbs of Gasconade County has decided not to again seek the honor of representing the Ninth District in Congress as a Republican. He will try to go back to the Legislature, in the

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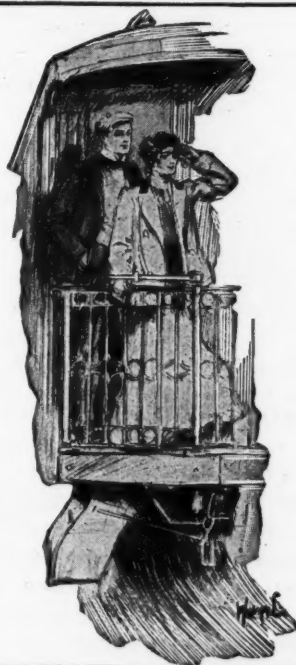
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INDORSEMENTS FOR WALBRIDGE.

LADD MAY BE ON "BIG FOUR."



Miss St. Leger married Richard Aldworth and lived many years thereafter. A picture of "the Honorable Mrs. Aldworth, the female Freemason," was discovered a year or two before the civil war in a chest filled with old papers in Masonic quarters in New York city. It represents her as wearing the apron of the Masonic order. The circumstances connected with her singular initiation were first given publicity in 1807 by Spencer, the celebrated Masonic bibliophile in London. Spencer obtained his information from an eye-witness to the initiation, who said that the fair spy came near losing her life, because her offence was then deemed a crime. This statement is credible, for as late as 1826 William Morgan was murdered for threatening to publish a book exposing the secrets of Masonry, at the hands, it has always been believed, of some ignorant, fanatical members of the order. The Masonic order was in no way responsible for this act, but it suffered transiently the consequence of the crime. Popular indignation was fanned into unreasoning fury by political demagogues; an anti-Masonic political party was formed, which became very strong in New York State, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and in 1832 William Wirt was nominated for President by this party. There is little doubt that but for the presence of her brother and lover in the lodge room Miss Elizabeth St. Leger in 1735 might have been as roughly treated as was William Morgan in 1826.—*Portland Oregonian*.

Ten cents may get you \$5,000, and that would buy a nice home. Smoke a \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

Bill Fisher, of Holton, bought a horse a short time ago. It was a fine actor and had a good color. When Bill led it into the barn he discovered that it was blind. A few days later Bill hitched the horse up and drove him around. A friend of his got stuck on the animal and asked Bill what he would take for it.

"Well, that horse cost me \$165," said Bill. "I always like to make a little on a horse trade. If you want the horse you can have him for \$175." The friend got in and drove around town and then bought the horse. That evening he also discovered that the horse was blind. He met Bill on the street the next day.

"Why didn't you tell me that horse was blind?" he asked Bill.

"Well, I'll tell you why," said Bill. "The man I bought him of didn't say anything about it and I took it that he didn't want anybody to know it."

It must be good, or we couldn't do it. \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

Mrs. Gailey—"I really must have some new stockings."

Mr. Gailey—"Why, you got several pairs not long ago. What's the matter with them?"

Mrs. Gailey—"Oh! they are really not fit to be seen."

NOBLE WORK

A B C

King of all Bottled Beers

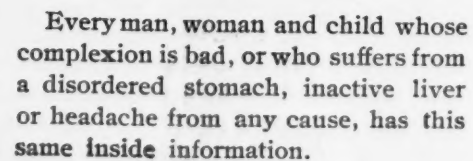
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JOHN C. KNAPP.

A black and white illustration of a man wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat, a long open coat over a buttoned vest, and trousers. He is pointing his right index finger upwards. To his left is large, bold, partially visible text: "ation", "that", "d a", "ol", and "it".



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Waco

JAPANESE ROAD TO BEAUTY

"My complexion?" said the American-Japanese girl. "Oh, I got it from Japan."

"You see, I am a Japanese for one hour every day, and during that time I wear a Japanese dress, dance the Japanese dances, and develop myself as I am sure no Japanese girl ever was developed."

"Nor is my Japanese work done when I have finished in the gymnasium, for at night I anoint my face with a Japanese ointment, and in the morning I wash it with a home-made Japanese soap:

"The Japanese ointment I make out of lamb's oil. I take the fat of the lamb and I try it out until I get a little jar of the oil. I put it on the stove to heat, and then into it I pour some pure oil of olives. In this I stir some Oriental scent and a dozen cloves.

"I take it off the stove and beat it gently with a fork as it cools. When cold it should be of the consistency of cream of milk, only a little stiffer. I should say it ought to be like whipped cream."

"The Japanese sometimes try out the fat of chickens in this way, but the oil of lamb or mutton is considered nicer on this side of the water and it keeps forever. This is good for the complexion, and every girl with the Japanese fad should try it."

"The matter of Japanese exercises is another thing. It begins with the Leslie Carter girdle, which is a wide piece of silk boned for the waist. This strip is about two fingers wide, and is hooked in front. It is not a difficult thing for any woman to make, and it is certainly an excellent gymnasium corset."

"There is nothing for exercising like a suit of tights. It is the fad of the gymnasium girl to knit herself such a suit and to wear it in the gymnasium. She chooses very coarse knitting silk or cotton, and makes her suit all in one piece."

"The matter of the kimona is easily managed. Kimonas cost from \$3 or a little less up to \$3,000 or a little more."

To get the best physical development it is not necessary that a girl have one of the \$3,000 sort, for she can do very well in any kimona that is loose enough and short enough and can be tightened around the waist.

"Girl athletes say that they cannot break any records or even practice in skirts. They hold that knickerbockers, unless very well fitted, are a hindrance. And so the girl champions are always attired in knickers that are a very near approach to masculine knee breeches."

"But the girl with the Japanese fad is going in, not to be an athlete nor to develop her muscles, but to try to become strong and graceful. The golf girls are strong, but not always graceful, and the colleg girl athletes make no pretense at anything but strength."

"The girl who tries to learn to be graceful, and who wears knickers while exercising, will find that she has a great deal of her work to do over again. She is compelled to walk daily in skirts, and it is best that she practice in them."

The pretty girl who takes up Japanese dancing as an exercise has a lot of hard work before her. On the other hand, its benefits are great.

The Japanese dance in native dress will round out the arms, and for this there is a splendid exercise, with the arms stretched above the head and as far back as possible.

The Japanese dance will develop the neck and for this there is an arm exercise which makes the dancer stand on one foot and stretch the opposite arm out at full length, alternating with the other arm.

There is also a movement for the back, the hips and the liver. This movement is a hip motion, by which the pretty girl bends to one side and tries to touch the floor with her fan. It is a graceful gesture, and one soon becomes very proficient in it, able to bend very low at each side.

There are a great many women who object to wearing a gymnasium suit. But to put on a Japanese kimona and a pair of pretty sandals, and to exercise with a spray of flowers in the hand, is quite another matter.

A health diet goes with this kind of exercise. It might be called the health and complexion diet, for it makes one strong and pretty at the same time.

There are three dietaries, any one of which could be called the health diet. But of the three, one is very severe, consisting of grains and cooked fruit; the second is almost as bad, for it allows no butter, cheese or eggs.

The third is a sort of rational health diet, which makes you just as pretty as either of the others, but is a little more agreeable to the patient taking it. Those who take this third and rational diet must understand that they must eat no bread with yeast in its composition until such bread has been baked forty-eight hours.

It includes hot breads of all kinds not made with yeast. Hot griddle cakes, hot muffins, buns, rusks, hot breads and cakes of all kinds are advised, especially the Southern hot corn cakes. The rule in taking these is not to take them too hot.

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The clumsy appearance and many objectionable features of the old style bifocal shown above have been done away with in the "Kryptok"—the new invisible Bifocal Lenses.

JUST LIKE THIS

A near and far lense—in a single frame—without cracks or lines. To the outsider they look like the ordinary single focus eyeglass. To the wearer, they are the most perfect Bifocals ever produced.

"Kryptok" Lenses are made exclusively by Aloe's in the State of Missouri, and cannot be obtained anywhere else. Ask to see them or send for descriptive circular.

ALOE'S Optical Authorities
OF AMERICA.

513 OLIVE STREET.

KODAKS—ENGINEERING INSTRUMENTS—ARTISTS MATERIALS.

Good sweet butter is advised for those who are thin, but it should be salted butter. Wherever possible, and whenever possible, olive oil should be substituted for butter. Stout persons who want a good complexion can try salting the bread instead of buttering it.

The girl who wants the clear complexion of the vegetarian will not take tea or coffee. But before breakfast she will drink a glass of water not too hot.

The seeker after a good skin will early realize that breakfast is the most important meal of the day. You really stand or fall, speaking from a standpoint of health, by your breakfast. If that goes against you, there is trouble all day.

The number of people who can take uncooked fruit is very small. Cooked fruit, on the other hand, agrees with almost every one, and can be taken for breakfast, for dinner and for supper. It is the best reducing agent a fat woman ever took.

The woman who is trying to get a pretty skin and the man who is trying to improve his must observe the meal hour with mathematical precision. Those who have indigestion should watch the clock and eat on the very tick of the hour.

The Japanese women and the women of the Orient everywhere are noted for their pure, clear skin. No matter what the color, it is free from blemishes.

The reason is found largely in the simplicity of the food which they eat. Elizabeth Barrett Browning attributed her wonderful recovery, when she had been an invalid for years, largely to the fruits and sherbets upon which she was compelled, in a way, to live in Italy.

The woman with the Japanese fad

will want to take up the fruit and flower dietary, as it has been called, and will live on celery, cooked fruits, white meats, fish and easily digested hot breads, rather than upon creams, red meats and the indigestible concoctions which taste good once in awhile, but are death to the complexion when eaten as a steady diet.—*New York Sun*.



WOULDN'T COMMIT HIMSELF

Senator Allison's wariness of direct statements is proverbial among public men in Washington. The anecdote about a friend winning a wager of a cigar from an Iowan that the senator would not state in so many words that a flock of sheep approaching had been sheared has become familiar. "They seem to be sheared on this side," the senator is quoted as having said. The other day in the senate this anecdote was duplicated after a fashion. There had been discussion about the wisdom of appropriating a lump sum annually for keeping the sidewalks and streets of Washington free from snow and ice. Mr. Allison was drawn into the discussion. "Snow has been falling on the streets and sidewalks of Washington for many years past," observed Mr. Allison. "And will for many years to come," interposed Senator Spooner, "As to that," rejoined Senator Allison, "I will not prophesy."



How he is known: *Wife*—"Before marriage a man is known by the company he keeps." *Husband*—"And after?" *Wife*—"By the clothes his wife wears."—*Town Topics*.

The Light that don't Fail



No. 5
LINDSAY
LAMP
\$1.00
COMPLETE

Absolutely the most light for the least money—perfect in each part. Best Burner—Best Glassware—Best Mantle. Each component part does its work well—the Lindsay No. 5 Lamp sells for \$1.00 complete. Don't pay more for it or as much for inferior imitations.

LINDSAY & CO.,
Both Phones. 1113 Pine St.

A BLACK "PINK TEA"

Our polygot social system is one of the weakest in existence, and the rate at which our people are breaking into society is something awful to contemplate. We attended a pink tea some years ago in a neighboring city (the first and last we will ever attend), which was given by a lady whose house consisted of two rented rooms in a flat. To accommodate the invited guests, the coal box in the kitchen was removed, the bed in the front room taken down, and other articles of furniture moved out into the hall. The shades were drawn in the kitchen, where tea was served. There was a lot of tissue paper hung in festoons from the ceiling of the front room, which was just large enough to accommodate about four couples comfortably. The kitchen being the larger room, all the guests were huddled in it to receive their rations—a couple of biscuits and a small cup holding about two swallows of very weak tea, flavored with lemon skin. The crackers (I didn't see anything suggestive of a biscuit about them) were placed on a paper napkin in a plate or saucer, after the guests had been seated, and passed around. Everybody chewed and swallowed and giggled and chatted, just like white folks do, we suppose, at their pink teas, after which the company in squads of four went into the stuffy little front room and danced to the squeaking of a cracked violin, which was being punished by a "Professor Somebody-or-Other," who sat behind an imitation rubber plant in an out of the way corner sipping between dances his cup of tea (?) and munching a biscuit (?). We are not socially inclined at best, and we went to this "blow out" more to please our wife, who is a stranger to Eastern customs, than for any pleasure we personally expected to derive from mingling in social alliance with these fashionables. So we sat in a corner and looked on, and thought things, but we will not reproduce our thoughts at this sitting. Let it suffice to know that we thought some very plain thoughts about the idiocy and foolishness of negroes who cannot afford it, aping the foolishness of the idle rich white people, for whom many of them work, or have worked. If some of these "society" folks would put as much energy in mastering the contents of a useful book as they put into mastering the details of a card party, a pink tea, and receptions (an overworked and fatigued member of the vocabulary), there would be in America in the next ten or twenty years some very well-informed people. The small talk one hears at these gatherings now produces some very peculiar sensations upon the nerves of those who are sometimes compelled to mingle in the social swim. We are rising like new yeast—a trifle too fast socially—and many of our half-baked social lions will some day receive a rude awakening that will shock them terribly—John Edward Bruce, in *New York Age* (Col.)

Senator Tillman tells of a South Carolina trial in which the prisoner, ac-

cused of burglary, was cleared by a strong alibi, amply supported by witnesses. After the trial, the judge joined the friends who were congratulating the successful lawyer, and said: "That was an excellent alibi you proved." "Yes," said the lawyer; "I thought pretty well of it. It was easily the best of the four that were offered to me."

THE KING

The palace lay so white, so white,
Upon the bosom of the hill,
When suddenly, all sharp and shrill,
A woman's weeping pierced the night,
And on the silence quivered long—
"The King, the King can do no wrong!"

"It is not true, this ghastly thing,
Do I not know, who am the Queen,
You fawning pawns and slaves unclean
Who dare to babble of your King?
He is beyond your glimpsing strong—
Know then, the King can do no wrong!"

"Last night my head lay on his breast,
I drank the heaven of his kiss;
To-night you come to tell me this!
The nightingales within the nest
At this foul slander stop their song
Knowing the King can do no wrong!"

"The fool who brought this cursed lie,
Let him be tortured till his breath
Is scarce enough to pray for death,
And then you shall not let him die,
But scourge him newly with the thong,
Teach him, the King can do no wrong!"

"And you who crowd that coward cur,
Who saw him ride away but now,
His crown upon his knightly brow,
And prattle that he went to her,
God strike you dead, you grinning
throng,
The King, the King can do no wrong!"

The palace lay so white, so white,
Upon the bosom of the hill,
Save for the fountain's sluggish spill
No sound survived to stir the night,
And they who slept breathed loud and
long,
Forgot the King could do no wrong.

But one with clinched hands that drew
Their own red blood, and wild, wide
eyes,
Whispered from out the dark, "He lies!
But if, oh God! if it be true,
If now he sleeps soothed by her song,
She mocks, the King can do no wrong!"
Ethel M. Kelley, in Lippincott's Magazine.

John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader of the house, and Judge Tate of Georgia used to have adjoining rooms at the Metropolitan Hotel. One night Williams was hurriedly dressing to go to a dinner. He had a hard wrestle with his collar and another with his tie. Finally he had the one buttoned and the other tied and he threw on his coat and went into Tate's room. "Judge," said Williams carefully, "how do I look?" Tate surveyed Williams carefully. "Really, John," he said, "I think you would look much better if you would put your trousers on."

CHORAL SYMPHONY SOCIETY

Friday, Feb. 26.

FULL ORCHESTRA, 60 MEN - - ALFRED ERNST, Conductor

POPULAR PROGRAMME

SOLOISTS: { MRS. MIHR-HARDY of New York, Soprano.
PABLO CASALS, Famous Spanish Cellist.

First Appearance in St. Louis of These Artists.

SEATS ON APPLICATION TO SECRETARY OF SOCIETY AT ODEON

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR TEN CENTS

A Golden Opportunity—Within the Reach of Every Resident and Visitor of St. Louis.

There has been deposited in the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis, the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, which amount will be given away next October 12th.

This small fortune will be directly within the grasp of every man in and around St. Louis who smokes, and indirectly every man, woman and child in the city.

It is but natural and fair to assume that this magnificent sum will not be given away simply for philanthropic reasons, but the conditions and requirements governing its disposal are so easy that it practically amounts to a gift.

The World's Fair Management has set aside October 11th next as Missouri Day, upon which date it is expected the people of the grand old State will turn out en masse to do honor to the World's greatest exposition.

To estimate the number of paid admissions to the Exposition on this day will require considerable skill, yet will afford no little interest, inasmuch as the sum of Five Thousand Dollars will be paid to the person making the correct or nearest correct estimate. Should there be more than one correct or nearest correct estimate, this sum will be equally divided between the persons making such estimates.

The conditions governing this contest of skill are essentially as follows:—

The Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis, are placing on the market a new brand of 10-cent cigars; known as the "\$5,000-Cigar for Ten Cents," a piece of goods of highest quality, and the equal of any and superior of many cigars now retailing for ten cents.

With each and every purchase of a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents, an official estimate card will be given by your dealer, on which card estimates must be made. Full instructions as to the manner of making estimates will be printed upon these official cards. You have only to buy one of these cigars, make your estimate, and enjoy your smoke. Every time you smoke a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents you tighten your grip on Five Thousand Dollars.

It must be apparent to any intelligent mind that the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents will be of superior quality, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to the smoker, or its sale would be limited to the first trial.

The contest is a method of introducing and advertising this brand of cigars, adopted by The Million Cigar Co., and the aim of the Company, as its name implies, is to sell One Million \$5,000 Cigars for Ten Cents between now and October 11th next. Therefore the cigar must be good, else how could we do it? As above stated the sum of Five Thousand Dollars is now on deposit, with the distinct stipulation that the amount can be drawn only by the person earning it according to the rules of the contest, by order of the Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis.

The next time you buy a cigar ask for the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents, and an estimate card will be given you, free of charge. Anyone wishing to make an estimate without purchasing a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents may do so by paying 15c for an official estimate card.

It may be a few days before your dealer will have these cigars in stock, but an effort will be made to place them as rapidly as possible.

THE MILLION CIGAR COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

"A land of music and flowers and birds."

OLD MEXICO

Is a more "foreign" land and has more interesting places and strange customs to attract the traveler from the United States than any country of Europe, and it is right at home. A winter trip to Mexico is delightful, and can be best made by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Lots of facts regarding Mexico can be had at either of our 77 Information and Recreation Bureaus.

A copy of the 52-page Illustrated Catalogue of our Four-Track Series sent free on receipt of a 2-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

Henry Irving
and his company.

Thursday evening,
"Waterloo" and "The
Bells;" Fri. eve, and
Sat. Mat., "The Merchant
of Venice;" Sat.
eve., "Louis XI."

Next Sunday Night,

Mr. Nat. C. Goodwin
in a revival of his greatest
comedy triumph

A GILDED FOOL.

Monday night, benefit
of Treasurer Budd
Mantz.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

F. Zeigfeld Jr. presents
GRACE
VAN STUDDIFORD
in DeKoven's Great
Opera

RED FEATHER.
Regular Matinee Sat.

NEXT MONDAY,

Reserved seats Thurs
Mrs. Langtry
supported by the Im-
perial Theatre Company
of London, in Percy
Fendall's comedy,

Mrs.
Deering's Divorce

GERMAN THEATER

Heinemann & Welb - - - Managers

TO-NIGHT,

Benefit of Mrs. Welb-Markham
"Die Schmetterlingschlacht"
(The Massacre of the Butterflies)
by Hermann Sudermann.

Frau Hergentheim Mrs. Welb-Markham

NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT, FEB. 28,

Grand Revival of
"Im weissen Roessl"
(At The White Horse Tavern)
By Blumenthal and Kadelburg.

Mat. Sat. Prices 25c
and 50c. Box Seats,
\$1.00.

Night Prices, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, Box Seats, \$1.50

CHARLES RICHMAN

In Victor Mapes' New Dramatic Play,

"CAPTAIN BARRINGTON"

Under Management of Weber & Fields.

Next Sunday Mat. David Harum with Wm. H. Turner

Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Imperial 25c Matinees Daily, 25c

Sunday Matinee, Feb. 28, and Week,

A Romance of Coon Hollow.

SEE The thrilling burglary tableaux, The
dynamite scene in "Coon Hollow." The flight
from home. The historical steamboat race and
plantation revels. The stirring tragedy at the
cotton press. Friday evening, Dancing Contest.

NEXT—"A Hot Old Time."

STANDARD

The Home of Folly. Two Frolics Daily.

THIS WEEK, NEXT WEEK,

MINER'S Bohemian Fay

Burlesquers Foster

EXTRA - Harvey Parker the wrestling demon will meet all comers. Co.

St. Louis Sketch Club

(Fourth Successful Season)

Leading Local Dramatic Organization

Now Under Rehearsal:

"UNDER THE RED CROSS"

"DAVID GARRICK"

Rehearsals at Odeon. Performances at the Pickwick Theatre.

Need few ambitious, energetic people to complete roster.

Requirements: Average intelligence and good social standing. For membership address,

ST. LOUIS SKETCH CLUB,

Care, The Odeon, Grand and Finne

THE STOCK MARKET

Wall street prices are moderately lower. Not much activity could be noted in the past week, but there was an unmistakable downward tendency, and, occasionally, evidence of increasing anxiety among smaller holders in regard to the sinister shaping of events in Korea and the domains of the Turkish Sultan. But for the vigilant supervision of trading, which leading Wall street interests and banking institutions exercised whenever news from abroad was of a particularly alarming character, prices would have suffered a sharp depreciation, and the bears been given splendid opportunities to work no end of mischief among unfortunate and belated holders.

Noticing the vigorous protective measures put in force by people of the first financial magnitude, bears contented themselves with operations on a modest scale. They made cautious tests in all the prominent quarters; as military men would say, they reconnoitered, they endeavored to find the market's tendency. What this tendency is, for the present, can no longer remain in doubt; as above intimated, it is downward. Such a tremendous array of bearish news and probabilities as financiers are now confronted with on both sides of the Atlantic cannot but have a depressing effect on security values. With all the governments of the world standing a tip-toe nervously watching the ominous trend and sequence of events in the Orient and the Balkans; with speculators in London and Paris throwing gilt-edged issues on the market at rapidly falling prices; with great financial institutions trimming sail in anticipation of political storms to come, what wonder if Wall street is weary and worried, vexed and fidgety, and making desperate efforts to keep from being drawn into the widening circles of a speculative depression which may yet lead to fearful consequences.

About three weeks ago, the prediction was made in these columns that the outbreak of the war in the Orient would very likely make Paris the financial storm center of the world for sometime to come. This has since come true in startling fashion. Towards the close of last week, the Bourse in Paris was

shaken by a calamitous panic, in the progress of which French 3 per cent rentes and other first-class bonds were ruthlessly slaughtered by terror-obsessed owners. Not for many years were such stressful scenes witnessed in the Paris market. French government bonds are now selling at a price that would have been considered impossible three years ago. Frenchmen are in a morose and moody state of mind. They are dissatisfied with their government, its national and international policies, and apprehensive of the future. For more than a year the French savings banks have been reporting heavy withdrawals of deposits by intimidated people, and the end is not yet. The panic has been succeeded by a decisive rally in quotations, but there are still disquieting rumors and rumblings. There will be no return of confidence and calm until political anxieties have been removed by a better understanding of the attitudes and intentions of the great powers.

Once more we are having a real war market, and one that is specially given to sudden mild hysterics and preposterous reasoning. However, there is some balm in Gilead for philosophical bulls, inasmuch as Wall street stocks are stubbornly contesting the onslaughts of the bears and receding in a way sufficiently slow to give every "tenderfoot" a reasonable chance to pull out before too much of an inroad has been made upon his bank account. The market is artificially supported, yet it cannot be said to show real, aggravated weakness. Previous liquidation was so extensive that most of the "weak sisters" have been eliminated, and stocks been returned to either first or stronger hands. This makes it comparatively facile for banking interests to prevent anything like a *krach*, in spite of all the yarns of fresh political complications and impending financial cataclysms reaching us from the Old World.

The large gain in reserves in last Saturday's bank statement was due, chiefly, to remittances from National depositary banks in the interior in response to Mr. Shaw's recent Panama notification. The decrease in the loan account was a very encouraging feature, and taken to indicate that the borrowing demands of various large corporations have about reached their conclusion. A noteworthy development was the sharp rise in sterling rates. It would not require much of a further gain to make gold exports to Europe a tangible probability. In the event of more serious financial and political complications on the other side, New York may be forced to let go of decidedly more than a moderate amount of the yellow metal.

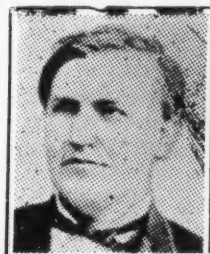
In the iron trade things appear badly mixed. Two weeks ago, assurance was given that the industry was on the mend; now reports are current again that no betterment is yet in sight, and that no optimistic delusions must be based upon the possible large demand for structural iron that devastated Baltimore may file in the near future. Such is King Iron, and such he ever was and ever will be,—fickle and mystifying. United States Steel issues declined in sympathy with the rest of the market,

MARCONI SECURITIES

THE FOUNDATION ON WHICH TO BUILD YOUR

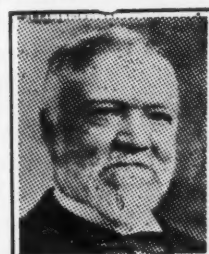
FORTUNE

THOS. A. EDISON says:



"MARCONI will do great things with wireless telegraphy. We no longer consider it strange that ships should talk to one another from distances of six or seven hundred miles, and as a matter of fact, wireless telegraphy is now being used all over the world."—New York Herald, February 14, 1904.

ANDREW CARNEGIE says:



"Marconi has already done a lifetime's work, but he is going to do another. He is a wonderful young man. I believe in him thoroughly."

A small investment in Marconi Securities will make you independent in a few years. A larger investment will make you rich.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph is the most marvelous and useful invention ever introduced. It not only does all that the telegraph and cable system will do, but very much more and at a fraction of the expense. It is destined to come into more general use than the telegraph, cable and telephone systems, with their hundreds of millions of capitalization and millions upon millions of dividends combined. It will be a means of communication between every country, every city, every town, every village, house, factory, store, office and farm, for its cost is within the reach of every one and its use required by all.

It will be more profitable than shares of the Bell Telephone Company, which were first offered at \$1.00, and afterwards sold for more than \$1000. An investment of \$100 then has yielded up to the present time \$200,000.

The stock of the English Marconi Company was put out at \$5.00 per share, and since sold at \$22 on the London Stock Exchange, an advance of 340 per cent. The possibilities of the American Company are much greater.

No enterprise has ever grown like the Marconi. Invented less than six years ago, and put into practical operation less than three, it has been indorsed by the leading nations of the world, employed by many Governments and used in their Navies.

Indorsed by prominent men and the press of the world. THE REVENUES OF THE COMPANY ARE CONSTANTLY INCREASING AND ITS FIELD OF OPERATION GROWING DAILY.

The system has been adopted by the New York Herald for its great shipping news department and by Lloyds London world-renowned agency, who have contracted for the service for 15 years.

Eight stations are in active operation on the Atlantic coast. More than 100 ocean steamers equipped with the Marconi system.

LAND CONNECTIONS—The 20,000 offices of the Postal Telegraph will receive and transmit messages from and to ocean steamers.

Thos. A. Edison, Marconi, and M. I. Pupin of Columbia College are the Consulting Engineers of the Company.

NO PREFERRED STOCK, NO BONDS. EVERY STOCKHOLDER BEING ON AN EQUAL BASIS.

NEW YORK WORLD, October 10, 1903, States:

"The scope of the Wireless System is wider than that of the Bell Telephone. It is not unreasonable to assume, therefore, that great fortunes can be made by moderate investments in the Marconi securities, and that small investors will become independently wealthy within a few years. It is likely that certificates representing \$5.00 will increase in value 200 or even 300 fold."—New York World.

The present opportunity will never come again, as the price will be advanced shortly.

Marconi Certificates will net you from 100 to 1000 per cent—better results than any labors of yours can produce.

SEND your check or money order for certificates at \$5 each. No subscription received for less than 20 Certificates, \$100. Price par for a limited time—\$5 each Certificate.

Bear in mind that an investment of \$100 in the English Marconi Company a few months ago increased 340 per cent—the American Company offers greater opportunities.

Prospectus and full particulars upon application.

F. P. WARD & CO.,

Century Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. Hennen Bldg., New Orleans.
Farmers' Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa. Clark & Washington St., Chicago.
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Correspondents of Munroe & Munroe, N. Y.

PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION At All Our Offices. You are cordially invited to call and receive a Marconigram

This Company acts as executor, administrator, trustee, etc., under authority of the law. All trust business is handled in a separate department, and the accounts and securities of every trust are kept apart from those of every other trust, and entirely apart from those of the Company.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.
FOURTH PINE ST. ST. LOUIS

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D. B. BULLOCK, Vice-Pres. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

FOR LIQUOR DRINKING, MORPHINE
Keeley Cure ALL NARCOTIC DRUG USING, NEURASTHENIA, TOBACCO AND CIGARETTE ADDICTIONS
Keeley Cure
DR. J. M. BLAINE, Physician and Manager.
2803 LOCUST STREET, ST. LOUIS. TELEPHONE LINDELL 155
HOME TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO AND NEURASTHENIA.

but the preferred seemed to meet fair support at the lower level. Advices from Pittsburg have it that the earnings of the water-logged concern continue disappointing, so much so, in fact, that the full 7 per cent on the preferred shares is not being earned.

The bond list is sluggish and weakening. Investment inquiry is once more at an exceedingly low ebb. And this, notwithstanding the prevailing ease in money rates. Wonder what the American investor is waiting for? Does he look for a renewed downward movement? This lack of enthusiasm among investors is astonishing, to say the least. Such apathy has not been noticed since 1896. He knows some of the true causes of this perplexing feature of the existing financial situation should be able to do some profitable trading in the stock market.

A large share of speculative trading is now being attracted to the grain markets. The sky-rocket performances in Chicago have caused a wild stampede of speculators to the wheat and corn pits. Owing to the prodigious rise in values, our exports of agricultural staples are fast diminishing. In spite of the extensive break in cotton values, British buyers do not as yet evince any special eagerness to make up for lost time by buying right and left. In connection with these gambles in wheat and cotton, it may not be amiss to state that a boom period almost invariably winds up with just such folliful and dangerous orgies of dare-devil gamblers.

Pending war developments it would be futile to make speculative prognostications. One man's guess is nowadays about as good as another's. Stocks are drifting in an aimless manner, because everything seems to be out of joint temporarily. The best one can do is to hang on with might and main to the solid cash and let stocks alone until the clouds have rolled by.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Locally, things speculative are quiet. Operations are on a small scale and confined to a few issues. Would-be buyers are holding off. They are evidently not sure of the legitimacy of prevailing quotations. The dubious position in New York and in Europe is not calculated to inspire them with hopeful anticipations. The present is not a time to boom stocks. This is being more clearly recognized every day. The abrupt movements in some shares are purely speculative and originating in the ill-advised actions of misguided people.

Activity still centers in street railway issues. Every rumor set afloat is promptly reflected in rises or declines, as the case may be. News from New York in regard to the contemplated flotation of \$8,000,000 new bonds is not favorable. There are serious hitches, it is said. Local authorities on the subject indulge in gloomy forebodings. Among bulls, however, the feeling still obtains that everything will come out all right in the end.

St. Louis Transit is quoted at 8 bid, 8 1/4 asked. It dropped to the first-named figure a few days ago. Transactions have not been heavy lately. United Railways preferred is down to 52. It

displays marked weakness. The 4 per cent bonds are barely holding their own at 77 3/4.

In the bank and trust company group there is utter, dreary dullness. Commonwealth is selling at 250, in a small way, and Mercantile at 323. Bank of Commerce is offering at 295 and Third National at 296. For Union Trust 300 1/2 is bid, for Lincoln Trust 195 1/2.

Central Coal & Coke is selling at about 58 1/2. For Granite-Bimetallic 37 1/2 is bid, for Candy first preferred 87 1/2.

Missouri-Edison 5s are quoted at 99 bid, 99 1/4 asked; St. Louis Brewing 6s are purchasable at 95 and 94 3/4. For Laclede 5s 105 is bid. Kinloch 6s are offering at 107 1/2.

Business at the local banks is good. Clearances continue to gain in volume, compared with a year ago. A good premium is bid for drafts on New York. Sterling is strong at \$4.87.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

L. J., Charleston, Ill.—Would sell Atchison common on first good rally of two or three points. Dividend not as sure as you seem to think it is.

E. I. T., Little Rock, Ark.—Don't invest a cent in Kansas City & Southern at present. Stock selling for all it's worth. Surplus dangerously small, in spite of improved management.

W. R., Harrisburg, Pa.—Missouri Pacific fluctuating with rest of the list. Officials confident of continued 5 per cent dividends. Would add to margin. Stock should rally to your level in due time.

A. D. J.—Don't think much of Candy common. Believe insiders been "feeding out." Enameling common a doubtful proposition. Would let it alone, if I were you.

K. F.—Add to your margin on first two stocks mentioned. Let others go. The bank stock doesn't look inflated, but would defer buying, anyway on—well, general principles. Should drop to a clean 4 1/4 per cent basis.

A LITTLE "OFF"

At recess one morning, say a writer in *Lippincott's*, describing social settlement work on the East Side in New York, little Nathan Garowski withdrew to a corner and wept, and the heart of his pretty teacher was moved with compassion. "What's the matter, Nathan?" she inquired gently. "Why don't you play with the others?" Nathan looked up with dimmed eyes. Dust and tears mingled on his brown cheeks. He pointed mutely to his skirt and then broke into a roar: "It was the dress of Rebecca. My mudder no money has for buy me anyt'ing. I nefer have the trouser, and the children—the children—they stick out the finger on me, and make a laughs. They call me—call me—a gi-girl." "Don't mind them, dear," said Alice Harmon with sympathy. "They shall not laugh at you long. I will get you a coat and trousers, too." Several days later Nathan appeared in the glory of a new suit, and strutted about, basking in the admiring glances of those who had despised him. His cup of pride was filled to overflowing when the superintendent came in with the principal for a visit of inspection.

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND LOCUST STS.

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Nathan, well in the foreground, glanced at his garments and looked at the strangers for approbation. "Why, little boy, what a fine pair of trousers!" said the superintendent affably, "Where did you get them?" Nathan drew himself up to his full height, and outstretched his hand in the direction of his beloved teacher: "I got them off her," he announced. "I got them off Miss Harmon." Then Alice Harmon, with the blush of confusion on her fair face, explained: "The children—on the East Side always say 'off' when they mean 'from.'"

Senator Sullivan, of New York, was recently a guest at a banquet of homeopathic physicians. During the banquet, the usual toasts were drunk. To the health of "the ladies," of "the president," of "Hahnemann, the father of Homeopathy," and of a dozen other persons and subjects, glasses were drained duly, and then, all of a sudden, the toastmaster remarked: "Senator Sullivan has not yet been heard from. Senator Sullivan will now propose a health." The senator arose and beamed upon the assemblage of physicians. "I propose," he said, "the health to the sick."

He—"So your husband has given up smoking? It requires a pretty strong will to accomplish that!" She—"Well, I'd have you understand that I have a strong will!"—*New Yorker*.



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FRANK L. STANTON'S MEMORY

Charles T. Logan has written the following interesting communication to the editor of the New York Sun, concerning Frank L. Stanton, the poet:

"Having seen recently a number of accounts of remarkable feats of memory, I desire to give an instance along similar lines, and I do not believe the records hold its counterpart. Frank L. Stanton, the versatile poet of the Atlanta Constitution, loves nothing so much as poetry, whether written by himself or others. Consequently, he is probably one of the closest students of the art of the Muses living to-day. He has read and knows about everything that has ever been written in verse. He literally knows Shakespeare 'by heart,' and can repeat entire pages right off the reel, so to speak. Byron is a particular favorite of his, and I have held a book for him while he repeated every word of 'Childe Harold' without the omission of a syllable. One night in my apartments in Atlanta, Stanton was a guest along with a number of friends, and all of us were discussing poetry. Stanton had interpreted a number of his own beautiful poems, when he was asked the question as to how he had acquired so wonderful a memory.

"I cannot say," he replied; 'it all comes perfectly natural, and I never try to account for it. One thing I can do,' he added, 'which I have never seen any one else do.'

"He then proceeded to tell us how he had only to read a poem over once aloud to be able to repeat it verbatim. After this he asked to be shown a poem of any length he had never before seen, and upon this being done he made the following wonderful statement:

"I will read this poem aloud, and I never before saw it; and, while I am doing this, Mr. Logan will read another poem or a piece of prose aloud. When both are finished, I will repeat both poems aloud separately.'

"And this he did!

"If any one has a feat to equal this in the memory line, I should like to hear of it."



WHITE FROCKS FOR SPRING

The white frock is apparently to regain its vogue with the spring; for white cloth, white canvas and other white woollens are being made up by hundreds for Southern wear, and the white linens and sheer whites are, of course, a foregone conclusion for summer.

A white wool frock does not mean simply a white wool frock to-day, for color subtleties are the joy of the artist in clothes, and the manufacturers, catering to this taste, are producing more and more delicate gradations of shading. There are now fully a dozen whites on the market; and though the difference between chalk white and mushroom white or between oyster white and ivory is but slight, it is enough to give individuality to a costume and to differentiate decidedly two white frocks.

The very latest fancy of the French dressmaker is the combining of many white shades in one frock, and this idea has been worked out in some of the most

successful models intended for the Riviera. The blending must be done with genuine artistic skill, but when well done it gives results exquisitely harmonious.

One such frock worn by a Parisian woman at a recent function was in one white, completely overlaid by a deeper tint of white in open work design and finished by chiffon and lace of blended whites. The costume roused enthusiastic comment, and almost all of the fashion experts referred to it as a study in carved ivory.

The French take their fashions very seriously.

Upon the costumes of white wool intended for promenade, carriage, etc., trimming of silk soutache, of stitched cloth or silk, heavy lace, or thick raised embroidery, is the accepted thing. Silk soutache is unquestionably to have even greater vogue than it has enjoyed this season, and among its newer phases is a shaded braid which is most desirable in this day of costumes in shades of one color.

The broad silk soutache shades almost imperceptibly from one edge to the other, and in brown, green blue—in any color, indeed, is very effective. Here again the shaded white idea is developed and a broad braid shading from a white that is near corn to a chalk white is a charming trimming.—*New York Sun.*



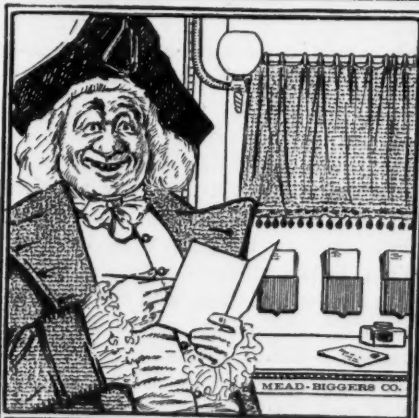
Farmer Honk—"I was readin', the other day, that it's a scientific fact that

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a mule can be kept from brayin' by tyin' a stone to his tail." *Farmer Hornbeak*—"Well, let him that is without sin tie the first stone."—*Puck.*



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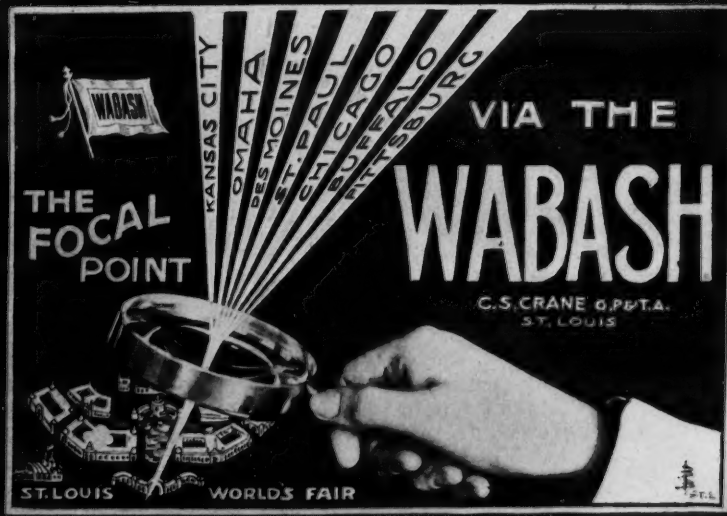


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